

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

FEBRUARY

1928



Beginning
in
this issue

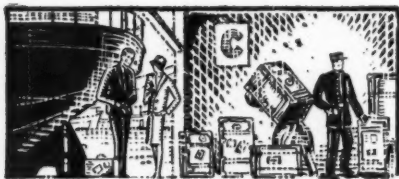
a new boarding-
school serial

—Upstairs, Downstairs

Come! Go Abroad in March

on the good ship

"THE AMERICAN GIRL"



We land in England and go to an English boarding school with Jo—it's jolly good, she'll say



Alice plays games in Scotland, and we'll drop in on her, too, before we leave for the Malays



We'll camp for a while in this jolly little straw house with Lida under blue Czechoslovakian skies



India—Dhan Gopal Mukerji takes us there and tells us thrilling tales of the far-off jungle



Barbara knows Spain and Egypt better than America—she's a new girl in "Upstairs, Downstairs"



Rosika here is from Hungary, and she will tell us how to make gay embroideries for ourselves



England and France and Switzerland and twenty-four American Girls—we'll go there with them

OR, INSTEAD of a ship let's pretend that our March number is a magic carpet. We'll unroll the magazine and quick as a wink we'll be in all the exciting and romantic and beautiful places of the earth. And such good friends we find

there—Jo in England and Rosika in Hungary, Acadian Aurelie, Nylla of Africa—how gently their names fall on our ears, and such jolly girls, too, to be meeting in stories between the covers of a magazine.

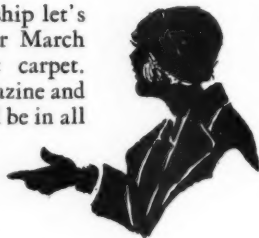
Nylla, perhaps, has more adventures than the others, for she is captured by the raiders of the Pehang Malays to be sold as a slave to the Sultan of Parak. And that a tiger should befriend her!—but Samuel Scoville tells the story.

Josephine Ransome had just more to do than any one girl ought to have, what with the fifth form at school and hockey and a part in a play, too. She goes to school in England, where boarding school is just as full of fun and ups and downs as it is in America.

Benji is a pet mongoose, and Mita is a baby panther—Dhan Gopal Mukerji, the famous novelist from India, tells about both of them in as thrilling a story as you have ever read.

Ingrid is from Norway—and if you think that you have adventure at camp, hear from her about three Girl Guides who climbed Totunheimer, the mightiest mountain chain in Northern Europe.

Osa Johnson her friends call her, and Mrs. Martin Johnson the newspapers call her. She and her husband have explored the African



jungle and they have done pioneer camping there, too. One doesn't think of griddle cakes and cannibals at the same time, but read her story!

American Girls, too—twenty-four of them—

who stared up at the Eiffel tower and went across London Bridge, and camped under Mont Blanc. They kept a diary of their trip to the International Camp, and they're letting us publish it, with pictures!

Barbara and Julie come to Harvard Hall—Barbara from the ends of the earth, and Julie from the American hotels she has shared with her mother—a famous screen star. They meet Renée and Carlisle and Kitty and all the other girls of *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

Aurelie's great-grandmother had come to Louisiana when Longfellow's Evangeline was driven from Acadia and all her people had lived ever since in the hyacinth-covered bayous of the Mississippi. What wonder, then, that she hated and feared the Yankee boy and his sister who came to drain the swamp—a story by a new writer for us, Charles Tenney Jackson.

Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, too, all around the world, we will visit. We'll eat *bors d'auvres* in Sweden and pineapple ambrosia in Honolulu; we'll camp in the Pyrenees and in Africa, too; we'll call on

Girl Scouts everywhere, and make new friends across all the seas and learn how girls like ourselves live in other lands, and what they do; we'll circle the globe on our magic carpet and come back home again—all in the month of March.

THE
AMERICAN
GIRL
for
March



Washington D.C. Girl Scouts!

We want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome here.

THE HECHT CO-F STREET
Washington D.C.

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Girl and Boy Scout clothing and accessories is at A & S—where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

In Rochester—

GIRL SCOUT APPAREL Headquarters are located in the Shops of Youthful Fashions, on the Third Floor.

B. Forman Co.

In Indianapolis

Girl Scouts will naturally secure all their equipment from

L. S. Ayres & Company

Last Call! Enter the Photography Contest!

Have you taken your winter photograph yet? And, more important, have you mailed it to THE AMERICAN GIRL Winter Sports Picture Contest? If you have put off doing it in the rush of Christmas shopping and the distractions that come during and after holiday time, make a resolution to get at it right away. All entries must be in this office by midnight of February fifteenth—so don't let many days pass before mailing yours.

If you read this column last month, you know that the Contest is divided into two sections—one consisting of photographs of winter activities, and the other of landscape camera pictures. In the first section you may submit as many as three photographs of skiing, tobogganing, skating, swimming, snowballing, riding—in fact, any activity or game which is part of winter in your portion of the country, whether you happen to live where the snow is high and the roads are icebound, or where oleanders bloom and the warm sunlight sparkles. In the second section, each contestant may submit one landscape photograph.

Miss Clara Sipprell, a famous photographer, will judge the Contest, and will select many photographs, besides the prize-winners, to be published from time to time on the Beholder page.

As for prizes—for the best picture in Section One, a vest pocket camera will be awarded, and for the second best, a kodak album. The winner in Section Two will receive one of Miss Sipprell's beautiful photographs.

Here are the rules of the Contest. Be sure and read them carefully, so that your entries will not be barred for not conforming to the directions.

1. The Contest is open to any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL.
2. There are two divisions in the Contest, namely:

Section One—for action photographs showing winter activities, whether in the North or in the South.

Section Two—for landscape photographs of winter scenes.

3. Each contestant may submit as many as three photographs in Section One, and one photograph in Section Two. She may enter one or both divisions.

4. Each photograph entered must bear on the back, the name, age, and full address of the girl sending it, and also her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

5. All entries must be in THE AMERICAN GIRL OFFICE, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., by midnight of February 15, 1928.

In Boston—

Official Headquarters in

BOSTON
for Girl Scout
Apparel and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor Main Store.

Jordan Marsh Company

...in Scranton Samters

... and only Samters ...
show and sell all Girl
Scouts equipment ... and
Boy Scouts too ... young
folks floor ... second.

In Newburgh—

Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment

Go to **STERN'S**
NEWBURGH NEW YORK

In St. Paul—

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

The Golden Rule

Patronize the equipment agent in your town



After the hike, use EFACE

ON THESE wonderful days, when the air is so crisp that it makes the spirits soar, and the leaves crackle underfoot, you feel on friendly terms with the birds and the trees; the clouds and the wind.

In the joy of the hike, you even forget what this winter wind may do to you. You forget your face, and you really owe a great deal to that skin of yours. In later years, it will mean so much to you, and Old Winter sings rather a rough song around your head, when he comes swinging along with snow wreaths in his hair.

Eface, a very marvelous cleansing cream, will do wonders for your complexion, for it also softens the skin, and removes all roughness caused by exposure.

After all, the time to take care of your skin is *now*, while you are young. Do not wait until the lines appear and then try frantically to remove them. A good complexion is one of the most charming phases of natural beauty.

Eface is so easy to use—Moisten the face, and rub the cream into it. Then remove with a wet cloth. Such a pure cream, and so carefully prepared. Eface will sweep your pores as clean as a new leaf. You do not have to wait to "achieve" Eface, as you do a merit badge. As a Tenderfoot, you are entitled to a complexion just as beautiful as that of an Eagle Scout.

Delightful, youthful person—you who are reading this—remember what I am telling you. Use Eface, and your skin stays vital, while a small pink cloud could not look any softer.

-----[COUPON]-----

THE PETROPALM CORPORATION
Dept. A. G., 21 Washington St., N. Y. City
1 Tube Eface, 60 cts. 2 Tubes Eface, \$1.00.
(Eface contains no lanolin (sheep's wool grease, nor any beeswax.)

Name.....

Address.....

A Memorial for Juliette Low

"Juliette Low was one of the forward and fearless souls who are always making way for truth and happiness," says Dean Sarah Louise Arnold, National President of the Girl Scouts, in writing of the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. "She had all the fine attributes that belong to southern women—alertness, vivacity, ability to please, and the graces of generous hospitality. To her nature the Girl Scout movement appealed. She came to know it through its founders, Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, in England, and she felt at once that it should be shared by the youth of America.

"She seemed the apostle of the movement in America as well as its Founder. Comradeship with her was inspiration. The memory of her valiant life fills our hearts with renewed devotion. And thought of her gracious and eager presence is always with us as we 'carry on.'"

"I commend to you the Juliette Low Memorial Fund."

The idea of the Juliette Low Memorial Fund was adopted at the National Convention this fall, as a fitting tribute to one who had meant so much to the movement. It was decided that the interest on the money collected should be used "for the promotion of Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding throughout the world, as a contribution to peace and good will." There will be many possibilities for usefulness in the Fund as the years go by. But first the Fund must be established, and in that every member of the Girl Scout organization may have her share.

To date, a little more than thirty-five hundred dollars has been contributed to the Fund, chiefly from individual friends of Mrs. Low, many of them outside the Girl Scout organization. When all her friends within the organization have sent their contributions, the Fund should indeed be a worthy memorial to her, whose vision was big enough to see all the girls of the world united in a common sisterhood, whose courage was strong enough to carry on in spite of every difficulty, and whose spirit must still live wherever girls join hands in Girl Scouting. Everyone interested in Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding is permitted to contribute.

Contributions to the Fund should be forwarded by check or money order, made payable to Girl Scouts, Incorporated, and marked Memorial Fund, to National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Miss Eleanora Brown is only one schoolgirl who knows the thrill of a glump purse full of Club dollars.

You, Too, Can Earn Extra Dollars

ELEANORA BROWN could scarcely believe it. . . .

Even through her purse, she could feel the crinkly new bills that rounded it out so plumply.

More than \$50.00. . . .

Why, it was a small fortune!

She had earned it in only two short months in her spare hours after school and on Saturdays. And her reports showed that her school work was even better than usual.

Eleanora Brown's experience isn't an unusual one either. . . .

For . . .

Clare Joyce, a high school girl bought an enchanting rose evening frock for a Valentine party—and paid for it herself, with Club dollars so easily earned. Then she wrote me in this enthusiastic fashion:

Dear Manager: You should have seen the girls crowd around me at the party when I took off my coat. That rose taffeta is the prettiest party dress I've ever had. And what a thrill to buy it myself!

Clare Joyce, Kansas

Helen Mason is another Girls' Club member whose room shows the brightening effect of Club dollars:

That cute little red bookshelf and a waste basket in the same color—oh, Club Manager, they just make my room! And besides, I bought a lovely picture that I've wanted a long, long time. I'm telling all the girls I know about the Girls' Club.

Helen Mason, Pa.

I could actually go on for hours talking about the extra dollars earned by Girls' Club members all over the country—girls just like you. Not especially trained and not unusually talented.

Why Not You?

Wouldn't you like to be a member of such a friendly Club? And wouldn't it be a lark to spend your share of our jolly dollars? Why not—when all you need do is write a note saying: "Dear Manager, please tell me all about the Girls' Club."

You'll get my answer by return mail and it won't cost you a cent or obligate you in any way, either. Do write today and please give me your age. Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1057 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Along the Editor's Trail

I RODE down on the train into Kentucky for the Christmas holidays with my young friend Marjorie who was going home after her first term at college. She was reading a novel about the early settlers.

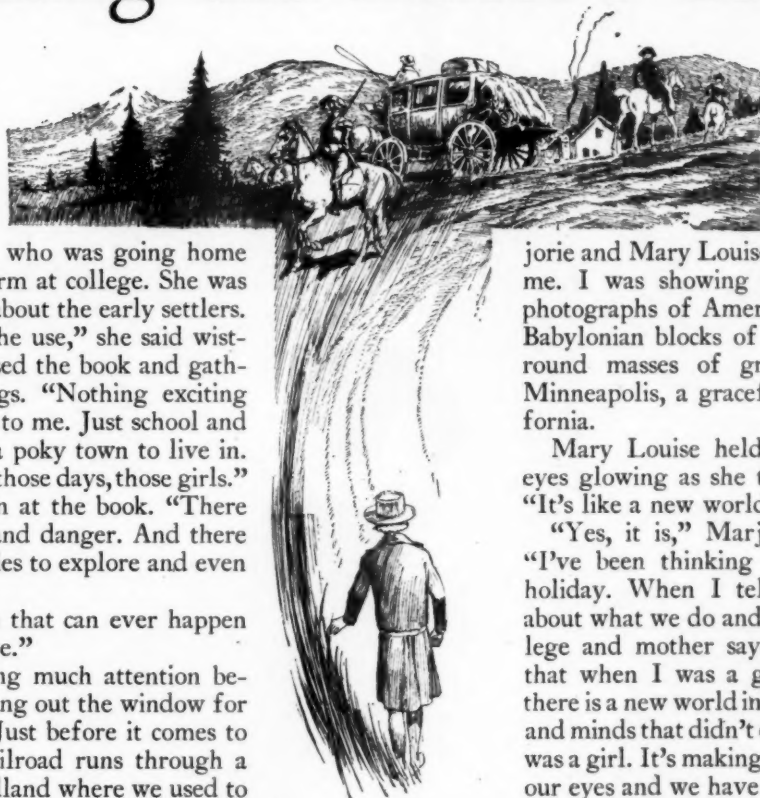
"Oh, what's the use," she said wistfully, as she closed the book and gathered up her bags. "Nothing exciting can ever happen to me. Just school and the family and a poky town to live in. They had fun in those days, those girls." She looked again at the book. "There was excitement and danger. And there were new countries to explore and even new worlds.

"Nothing like that can ever happen to us. It's all done."

I wasn't paying much attention because I was looking out the window for old landmarks. Just before it comes to our town the railroad runs through a little bit of woodland where we used to go for walks when I was in high school. We called it the Little Cliff, and old Betsy Creek ran through it and there was a grapevine that hung out over the cliff. We used to swing far out on it and drop down on the soft grass at the bottom.

But now the Little Cliff was no more. It had been cut up into lots and new little houses were going up. Old Betsy Creek is just a thin brown trickle of water flowing under a culvert.

I turned to agree with Marjorie that there wasn't any fun any more, but she was waving out the window at a girl who stood on the porch of a house where the grapevine used to be. "That's Mary Louise," she said after we had passed. "She's the most exciting girl I know. Did you see that house? She and her father built that themselves. She's going to be an architect."



Our train stopped, and I did not think any more about it until the afternoon Mar-

jorie and Mary Louise came over to see me. I was showing them a book of photographs of American cities—great Babylonian blocks of sky-scrapers, the round masses of grain elevators in Minneapolis, a graceful hotel in California.

Mary Louise held her breath, her eyes glowing as she turned the pages. "It's like a new world," she said.

"Yes, it is," Marjorie said slowly. "I've been thinking about it all this holiday. When I tell them at home about what we do and talk about at college and mother says, 'We didn't do that when I was a girl,' I think that there is a new world in people's thoughts and minds that didn't exist when mother was a girl. It's making itself right under our eyes and we have to learn how best to live in it.

"You don't realize it until you look at pictures like this and see the part that people look at—the skyscrapers and things—"

"—and the new houses where the fields used to be and the barns where there used to be wilderness," I interrupted, "and girls planning to be architects and going into professions."

"Yes. All that. Mary Louise is going to help build it."

"And what are you going to do?" I asked.

"I reckon I'll just be a pioneer in it," she said with a grin.

A new world, of course. And pioneers learning how to live in it. Daniel Boone's daughter certainly did not have a more exciting nor a more adventurous life than we have!

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Assistant Editor

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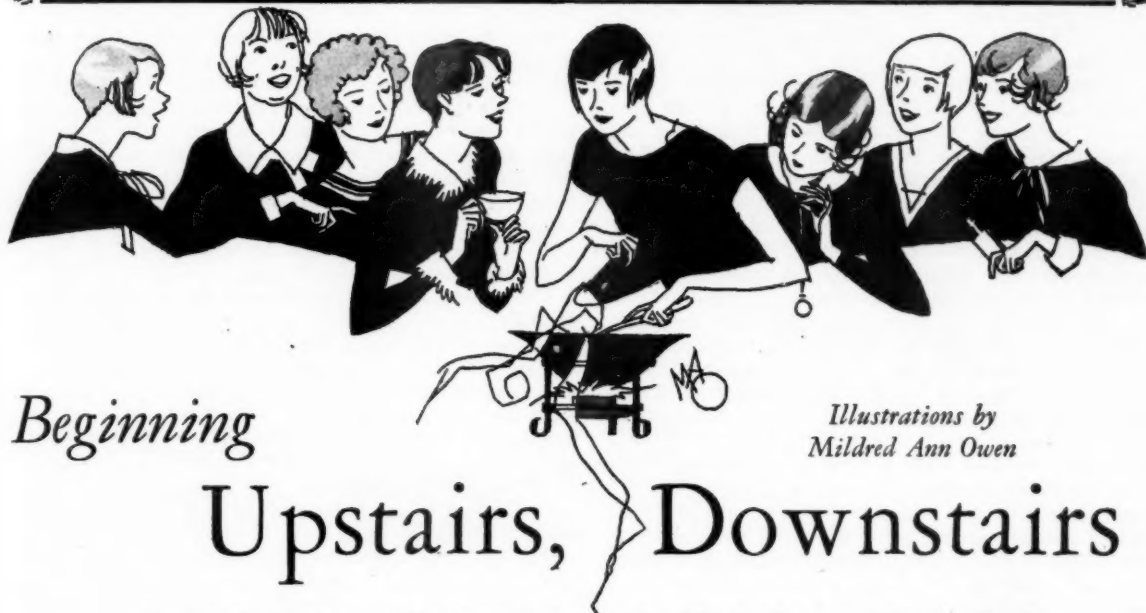
Renée was debating the possibility of flight when, looking up, she saw Mr. Chartres staring at her from her grandfather's car. Behind her the stands of the market place blossomed forth like giant bouquets with the yellow carrots and red beets, with redder peppers and the green of corn and spinach and celery

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Camille Davied, Editor

February, 1928



Illustrations by
Mildred Ann Owen

Beginning

Upstairs, Downstairs

A new boarding school serial, with all the fun and mischief that goes with it, and four jolly girls—and a mystery

IT was one of the warmest days of summer and Jonesville, during July, knew what a warm day could be like. Blazing sunshine beat down pitilessly upon the dusty streets of the little mid-western town. Even the dogs, usually so ready to run out and bark at every passing vehicle, sought the shelter of store-awnings and regarded the world with torpid indifference. Only the waving cornfields which stretched away from town in every direction seemed to appreciate the intense heat. "Good corn weather," people would sigh to each other when they met.

Carlisle Martin, however, scarcely noticed the heat as she hurried home from the butcher shop. Little beads of moisture stood out upon her broad white forehead, where the tiny, damp curls clung like a halo above it; but she sped on, oblivious to the listless steps of other pedestrians and their surprised glances at her haste. One man, crimson-faced though he was protected by a huge, flapping umbrella which he carried, called after her jokingly; but although Carlisle knew he was a friend of her father's, she paid no attention. For the postman must have reached her house by now and the letter must have arrived!

"Did it come?" she asked excitedly, opening the screen door to the porch with a jerk and allowing it to bang behind her as she plumped her package down upon a cretonne-covered table.

Mrs. Martin, pale, hollow-eyed, her face drawn by one of the sick headaches to which she was subject, opened her eyes wearily. Her thin figure, stretched out upon the porch hammock should have elicited at least a glance of pity from her daughter. Carlisle, however, though usually more

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

considerate, did not look at her mother, her gaze seeking, instead, the mail-box beside the door.

"Did what come, dear?" asked Mrs. Martin, after a pause. Her eyes, stupid from pain, caught a glimpse of the meat-juice oozing through its paper wrapping onto the new cretonne. She wished sickly that Carlisle would notice it, would be more careful. But she did not admonish her. It was too much of an effort.

"Why, the letter! You know, Mother, that letter or booklet or whatever they send out from Harwood Hall to prospective students. I sent for it—don't you remember, Mother?" Carlisle's impatience was obvious.

"Oh, that!" Consternation made Mrs. Martin frown. "Why, Carrie dear, I forgot that you had sent for it. I'm—I'm afraid I gave it to Bobbie to play with. He's coloring the pictures in it. I'm so sorry!" Her voice trailed away into exhausted silence.

Carlisle stared disbelievingly. "You gave that to Bobbie!" Her voice shrilled with anger for an instant, then something about her mother's inert form stilled the anger. "But you knew—you knew, Mother, I had sent for it!" went on Carlisle quaveringly. "You signed your name to the letter I wrote, asking for the school catalogue!"

Mrs. Martin, her eyes still closed, shook her head remorsefully. "I know, Carrie dear—I remember, now! But I truly forgot and thought it was only an advertisement. And as I knew your father would never consider letting you go away to school—however, suppose you run up to the playroom and see if Bobbie has it? You can easily coax it away from him if you want the catalogue for anything."

"Mother!" Again that hot wave of anger threatened to

engulf Carlisle. "Why did you think I sent for it if I didn't want it! And why do you say that Father will not consider letting me go away to school? Other girls' fathers do! Why should I be the one girl to have to stay at home and drudge and slave and never. . ."

"Oh, Carrie dear!" begged Mrs. Martin. She groaned in real agony. "Do let me be quiet for awhile, please!"

"—never have a good time like other girls!" finished Carlisle passionately. "There isn't a girl in this town who has to work like I do, not one! Housework, day after day! I tell you—it's horrible!"

"Please!" murmured Mrs. Martin once more. And at last her white lips, the black circles beneath her eyes, brought realization to Carlisle, sent a remorseful stab through her young heart. She muttered something and flung into the house, leaving the meat to ooze quietly through its wrapping onto the table where, hours later, it was discovered by Mr. Martin and taken to the ice-box.

Everything about her home irritated Carlisle that unfortunate morning. Away from the cool orderliness of the screened porch, which Mrs. Martin had managed to "pick up" before she had been forced to lie down upon the couch-hammock, the sight of the hot, disorderly rooms when she went indoors smote Carlisle's vision like so many blows.

"I wouldn't mind if I really liked housework—Prissy Smith does! She loves to help her mother, just loves to clean and bake and cook! But I don't! I hate it, I loathe it! I hate everything about a house! If I could only get away! Or if only Mother understood how I felt—or if she cared! But she doesn't! She doesn't care a bit." Morosely, Carlisle tramped up the front stairs. Dust lay in thick layers upon the stair-treads, smudged by Carlisle's brothers' dirty boots; dust covered the stair rail; a gray blur of it had settled over the furniture. This was no discredit to Carlisle or her mother, for the hot drought which made for "good corn weather" had dried the dirt roads of the little town so that every passing motor car would send great clouds of it drifting in every direction and housewives lamented in vain.

The unmade beds, as she passed her mother's room, the boys' room, were silent reminders of the work Carlisle had so gladly postponed to run the errand for her mother that morning. Now they irritated her beyond measure. By the time she reached the play-room, a little den at the back of the house, she was in no mood to be patient with her small brother. Instead of the coaxing diplomacy Mrs. Martin had advised, then, Carlisle stalked over to the little boy and snatched away the catalogue he was contentedly daubing with paint. He cried out in protest.

"You shouldn't have asked Mother for it!" stormed his sister. "It was mine! Bad boy!"

Bobbie looked up at her through angry tears. "Mummie said I could have it!" he wailed, loud and beseechingly.

But Carlisle had marched away and soon his angry shrieks were countered by the tempestuous slam of her bedroom door. Downstairs, Mrs. Martin sighed.

The morning wore on. Somehow, the beds got made in a haphazard fashion with the wrinkles left in them and the pillows untidily placed. Somehow, too, the rooms downstairs got dusted—hastily, it is true, with articles thrown back into the hall-closet, so that rubbers and caps and baseball bats were in a jumble upon the closet floor. Luncheon found a silent, moody daughter facing a pale, pain-haggard mother, watching her across the table.

Carlisle's brothers, John, fifteen

years old, Anthony, thirteen, and Quin, twelve, came in silently, ate voraciously, and silently departed. During the summer months, being ambitious lads, each had a job, John working in a bank, Anthony in a grocery store—to Carlisle's secret dissatisfaction—while Quin caddied out at the golf-links. The meal ended unpleasantly, for Bobbie suddenly remembered his grievance against his sister and casting a sullen glance at her, commenced whining to his mother to "Make Carrie give me back my pictures!"

Carlisle, piling the luncheon dishes in the kitchen sink, heard Mrs. Martin patiently explaining to the little fellow, "It's Sister's book, dear, Mother will get you another."

Carlisle decided to leave the dishes until it was cooler, trailed listlessly upstairs and, throwing herself upon her bed, became immersed in a library book until midafternoon, when a loud ring of the front-door bell sent her scurrying to the head of the stairs to listen. Presently Mrs. Martin called her.

"Carrie, Kitty Evans and Margaret Dale are here. Shall I tell them to come up, dear?"

Carlisle sent a hasty look around her disorderly room from the doorway, whither she had retreated. An organdy dress, worn to a church festival the evening before, still lay over the chair where she had thrown it, white shoes and stockings were upon the floor where she had stepped from them, hair clung to the comb and brush upon her overcrowded dresser-top, a crumb-laden fudge-plate called three or four flies to her desk, her bed showed traces of dust where her shoes had lain when she had reclined there, reading. A mental vision of Kitty Evans' big, lovely home, of her beautiful boudoir, as Kitty liked to call it, of the two maids Mr. Evans employed, of Kitty, herself, cool, neat, pretty, swept before Carlisle's eyes. No, certainly Kitty could not be invited up here! Nor Margaret Dale either!

"I'll be right down, Mother!" she headed them off hastily. How she wished she had had the energy to have dressed herself sooner, had not wasted all of that time reading. Downstairs, she could hear her mother ushering the unexpected guests back to the porch, knew how much Mrs. Martin would have liked to have had them go upstairs, for Kitty and Margaret were chatterboxes and the poor head demanded quiet. Carlisle frowned. Hateful day! And how she wished her mother would not call her "Carrie!"

Ten minutes later—a long ten minutes to Mrs. Martin—she appeared in the doorway, a cordial smile upon her face. Her quick glance took in Kitty's and Margaret's smart sport dresses, their gay stockings and trim sandals, and went back dissatisfiedly to her own modest gingham, the plain white stockings and shoes. But an instant later she had plunged into vivacious banter, knowing it was her jolly laughter, her piquant remarks, which had attracted Jonesville's two wealthiest girls that afternoon, and not her shabby background. After all, clothes weren't important.

"Going away for your vacation soon?" Carlisle asked Kitty in the course of the conversation. Her gaze drifted out to the big roadster by the curb. How she wished Dad could afford a car like that—what fun to drive it, to take long trips in it as Kitty and her father did, what fun to possess all of the material comforts Mr. Evans' wealth could and did bestow upon his motherless daughter! Then her attention suddenly centered upon Kitty's answer.

"No," the other girl was saying rather complacently, "Dad says if I go away to school this fall, he's going to have me home this summer and he can't get away. So Aunt Sara and I



Bobbie looked up at her through angry tears. "Mummie said I could have it!" he wailed. "You shouldn't have asked Mother for it!" stormed his sister. "It was mine! Bad boy!"



are concentrating on clothes—just simple things, of course, for Harwood Hall only allows that sort, with a uniform to wear on Sundays to church."

Harwood Hall! Carlisle's heart seemed to skip a beat at the words.

"Are you really go-going to Harwood!" she stammered. Kitty cast an amused glance at her chum. Her lifted eyebrows seemed to point out the envy Carlisle was struggling to conceal—envy "thick enough to cut like butter," as Kitty told Margaret later. But she nodded quietly now.

"Yes, I've won Dad over to my way of thinking at last. I tried to, last year, when Margaret went. This will be her second year, of course. However, I expect to make up for lost time on fudge parties, midnight suppers and all the pranks going!"

And then followed an amusing recital from Margaret of the good times at Harwood Hall. The critical ears of an older person might have detected the romance spread on rather obviously for the benefit of her wide-eyed listeners. But Carlisle was not critical. To her youthful imagination nothing had ever been so alluring, so wonderful, as the opportunity presented to these lucky girls before her. Even the arrival of her mother, pale but smiling, with a tray upon which rested tinkling lemonade glasses and plates of homemade cookies, brought forth no sign of appreciation. She passed the dainty, embroidered napkins absent-mindedly, too absorbed in what she had just heard to notice that they were her mother's cherished best ones. She smiled vaguely at the guests' enthusiastic praise of lemonade and cookies, waved good-bye almost indifferently when they finally departed. Perhaps if she could have heard Kitty Evans' half-sad, half-envious remark when she left, "Think of having a mother like Carlisle's!" Carlisle, herself, might

have thanked her mother when she went into the kitchen from the front door and found the luncheon dishes she had left in the sink all washed and wiped and Mrs. Martin mixing bran muffins for supper. As it was, she sank silently down upon a kitchen chair and stared ahead of her with moody eyes.

"Have a good time, dear?" asked Mrs. Martin tenderly, glancing up.

Her face clouded when Carlisle frowned and burst forth, "Oh, Mother, both Kitty and Margaret are going to Harwood Hall this year! Why can't I?"

Mrs. Martin sighed as she turned to place the pan of muffins in the oven.

"Mr. Evans and Mr. Dale are both wealthy men, Carrie," she answered gently. "And men with but one child apiece, instead of five. Besides, dear, neither Dad nor I are sure that it would be the best thing for our only daughter to go so far from home, even if we could afford to send her. What can Harvard Hall offer you that Jonesville High School cannot?"

"Harwood, not Harvard," corrected Carlisle absently. Drumming her fingers in a discontented fashion upon the kitchen table, she spoke as so many young daughters are apt to, when she answered her mother's question. "I don't suppose *you* can understand, Mother, how Harwood Hall differs from Jonesville High School. But I assure you," Carlisle's lip curled, "there *is* a difference!" Then, as Mrs. Martin hid a smile in the oven as she adjusted the muffin-pan, Carlisle rose and turned upon her heel. "Well, I'm going to show Dad the catalogue from Harwood tonight, anyway. No harm in that!" she flung over her shoulder, stalking into the dining room to set the table for supper.

(Continued on page 32)



"He's a wolfhound; meets wolves in the forest—the call of the blood you know"

Illustrations by
Helen Hokinson

Rolof's

Certainly a wolfhound would run with know that much—the story of a nearsighted

"RABBIT tracks!" said Annie Laurie, her serene blue eyes following her cousin's pointing finger.

"How do you know?"

Annie Laurie tipped her blue felt hat further over one blue eye.

"Why, rabbit tracks are rabbit tracks," she explained helplessly. "Rabbits make tracks, you know, Cora; that's all—those are rabbit tracks."

Jennie Masker giggled, but the plump and curious Cora Barnes knelt in the snow.

"I didn't see any rabbit," she murmured protestingly. "I don't see why these couldn't be the tracks a dog made."

"A dog's foot," Annie Laurie said wearily, "is different. In the first place, it is larger, and in the second place, it makes a round track. And—and—"

Cora struggled to her feet still unconvinced. This was her first winter in the country and she was daily learning something new. The trouble, her cousins, Annie Laurie and Hugh Graham with whom she was staying, complained, was that she took everything so seriously. She refused to let the simplest statement pass unchallenged, and all the knowledge of farm and woods and fields that the Grahams took for granted and thought they had known all their lives, had to be reduced to text-book clarity before Cora was ready to believe.

"Yes, that may be so," she would admit cautiously, when Annie Laurie made an off-hand statement. "But how do you know? Why is it? Is it always like that?"

It must be confessed that Annie Laurie and Hugh found this thirst for proof rather trying. Rabbit trails and pheasant tracks, hawks that fought aerial battles, juncos and blue jays and squirrels that came daily to the farmhouse for peanuts—these were their familiar friends of every winter. They couldn't understand why Cora didn't accept them on sight.

To be sure, Cora was nearsighted. She wore very thick glasses and though

she never referred to her handicap in any way, she missed keenly the blessing of clear, effortless vision. But she was determined to be as well informed as more fortunate girls and her painstaking and logical mind made concentration easy for her.

"I'm going to be a naturalist," she said frequently in the course of friendly arguments with Annie Laurie or Hugh who thought her too fussy. "I have to have my data exact."

Hugh Graham was something of a practical joker and the temptation to tease his serious-minded cousin was not always to be resisted.

"You know Rolof has a strain of Russian wolfhound in him," he confided to Cora one afternoon as they tramped through the heavy snow on their way home from school.

"Yes, he isn't all wolfhound, of course, but he's got a streak in him and every once in a while he goes off to the woods. Stays two or three days. I've never followed him but I have my suspicions he meets wolves in the forest—the call of his blood, you know."

If Hugh had read too many books, Cora had seen too many movies. She began to ply her cousin with questions and herself supplied so many suggestions that by the time they had reached the farmhouse, Hugh was half ready to believe his own fairy tale. The sight of Rolof gamboling toward them broke the spell for Hugh.

The great dog who leaped joyously upon him, might easily have had a strain of Russian wolfhound in his blood. He might as easily have claimed kinship with the Newfoundland, the Saint Bernard, police, and other large breeds. There was no other dog like him for miles around, with his enormous body, beautiful, shining head and the big clumsy feet that seemed to be merely a finish for the four thin stilts that served him as legs. The Graham

family admitted that Rolof would never win a beauty prize, but they backed his intelligence, and faithfulness, and devotion against that of any dog in the country.

"When does he go away?" asked Cora hastily, as Hugh started for the barn.

"Oh—odd times," her cousin answered. "You have to watch him—he's very sly about it."

Now Hugh may have quieted his conscience with the half truth that Rolof did go off on long trips. He liked to roam the country and since he never did any damage and really made a friendly pilgrimage of his wanderings, stopping at the various farmhouses and coming home within two or three days, quite as though nothing had happened, no attempt was made to keep him at home. He was allowed this freedom.



"The wolves," Cora said, as she saw the moving figures, and her imagination supplied the picture of Rolof joining the pack and bounding over the snow

Wolves—and Cora

By
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

*his pack; Hugh said even a girl ought to
girl, and a peach of a prize as well*

Hugh forgot his joke almost as soon as he put it into words, and when the photography contest was announced at assembly in school the next day, Cora forgot it, too. The seven high schools of the district were to compete in the contest and the school submitting the best winter photograph was to have the prize offered by the famous Camera Club whose yearly exhibition was held at Barlow, the county seat.

"It's a motion picture camera!" Annie Laurie bubbled enthusiastically. "A perfect peach of a motion picture camera—it cost a hundred dollars! They're so expensive Ralston High never thought of owning one. Oh, dear, I'd give anything in the world if I could take a decent snap."

But Annie Laurie, though she had an excellent small camera; seldom produced good pictures. Hugh was president of the school camera club and had better success. He said little, but Annie Laurie suspected he meant to capture that wonderful prize for Ralston High, if determination and patience could help him win it.

Cora had a camera, too, with a really fine lens, but she was so near-sighted that even after she learned to set it by her fingers, rather than her eyes, half the time she had only distorted shadows or lightstruck films, for her pains. Her dark eyes behind her glasses gleamed when she heard of the motion picture camera, and she listened eagerly while the other girls discussed what it would mean to have it for use in school entertainments and at athletic events,—"to say nothing of carrying it off right under the noses of six other consolidated schools"—but no one expected Cora to contribute anything to the competition.

Three weeks were to be allowed the artists and the stipulations permitted that the developing and printing might be done by a second person, as long as no one but a high school pupil worked on the films. This was considered only fair,

since few of the pupils had facilities for doing their own developing and printing, though many owned cameras. And it was pointed out that the prize was not to go to an individual, but to the school submitting the best print.

"Hugh will develop and print ours," said Annie Laurie contentedly. "He does the best printing of any of the boys in school."

Since coming to the farm, Cora had used up four rolls of films, snapping the family and the barnyard animals in every conceivable pose, and so far she had not had one picture that could be called a success. But she had an apparently inexhaustible supply of patience and persistence and she announced that she meant to enter some kind of picture in the competition.

Hugh was busy almost as soon as the rules of the contest were posted, for his reputation for doing artistic printing made him much sought after by his schoolmates who had cameras. Nearly every afternoon he shut himself into the little closet he called his dark room, and worked there till supper time.

When Annie Laurie came down with a bad cold, Cora was left to find her own amusement. The end of the contest was perhaps a week away and Annie Laurie was still in bed, when Cora heard her aunt remark that Rolof was missing.

"I haven't seen him since yesterday," said Aunt Carol. "I suppose he has gone off on one of his trips."

It was Saturday morning and the sun shone on the snow. The air was so dry and clear that Cora, used to a damper atmosphere, could never believe the thermometer that hung on the back porch. She never suffered from the cold in Ralston as she did at home, and this morning she put on her rubber boots and heavy sweater and collected her note book and camera with a feeling of positive delight.

Hugh was developing prints, her aunt was eager to get at her baking. Annie Laurie, who might have felt neglected, was asleep when Cora peeped in at her door. It seemed the logical time to track down the mysterious Rolof and get



first-hand information regarding the wolves with whom he cavorted in the heart of the snow-drifted woods.

Cora had her plan of action all mapped out. She had considered it carefully for many days and needed only an opportunity to put it into action. She would find Rolof's tracks in the snow and follow them. Once in the woods she would try to get a picture of the wolves—Rolof's relatives, Cora persisted in designating them.

Behind the house she found tracks which she was sure must be Rolof's. As she knelt down to examine them closely, she realized what a thrilling adventure lay ahead of her. With a little jump of glee, she got up, dusted her knees and began to follow the trail. When the prints branched off abruptly, Cora followed confidently and never knew that her near-sighted eyes had allowed her to start with the tracks made by one of the cows that had broken out of a stanchion in the night and wandered up to the farmhouse door; that they permitted her to change to the gay little prints left by a rabbit without noticing the change, and now were drawing her in the footsteps of a large-hearted farmer who was somewhere on ahead, taking out sheafs of unshocked corn to feed the pheasants and other wild birds hard put to find food in a snow covered world. As long as there was a broken path of some kind to follow Cora was sure she was tracing Rolof.

She reached the corn and startled a flock of birds already beginning to feast. The farmer was half way across the field, on his way home, and did not turn. Cora watched the birds a few minutes, made out the outlines of the trees some distance ahead, and continued her journey, this time blithely following another rabbit's tracks.

She came to the woods, panting a little, her cheeks like roses. It never entered her head to be afraid of the dog or his wolf friends she so confidently counted on meeting. This was not exactly valor, more probably the bravery of ignorance, for Cora, eager and curious, was merely intent on finding out what Rolof did when he ran away from home. That he and the wolves might be as curious concerning a human trespasser in their woods did not occur to her.

But, having reached the woods, Rolof seemed as far away as ever. She whistled softly for him, called his name and, when that failed to produce him, she began to stumble through the snow-covered paths. It seemed to her that she walked for hours and presently she was sharply conscious of the pangs of hunger. A glance at her wrist watch—she was obliged to bring her face close to the dial—showed her it was one o'clock. Her aunt would wonder where

she was. Dinner was always ready promptly at noon on Saturdays.

It wasn't cold—at least Cora, warmly wrapped and aglow from exercise, was not conscious of any cold—and it was divinely still. When she finally came to the intersection of three paths, with an old worn tree stump at one side, she sat down gratefully to rest.

"I don't believe I set the camera!" she remembered with a little start.

Painstakingly she recalled all that Hugh had told and showed her, and she mechanically repeated his instructions as she began to adjust her camera. She refused to feel hurried, she took infinite pains, mathematical in their precision, and she was holding the camera up before her, trying to focus a handsome slim pine tree she could just make out in outline further up one of the paths, when she heard a noise.

Cora remained on the stump, holding the camera motionless, forcing herself to keep absolutely still. Surely something was coming down one of the paths directly toward her!

She saw the dark blurs dimly. They were too tall for dogs. They were silent, so they could not be boys out for a hike.

"The wolves!"

Cora thought she shouted the words aloud, but her lips made no sound.

She wished impatiently that Annie Laurie or Hugh were with her—they could tell her if one of the blurs was Rolof. She thought the figures must be Rolof and his wolf friends. But who would believe her when she told them what she had seen? They knew she was near-sighted and likely as not they would laugh and say, "Oh, Cora saw some tree stumps and came home with a great tale about wolves!"

Then her fingers began to hurt—the blurs were coming nearer, but moving slowly and cautiously—and Cora for the second time almost shouted aloud.

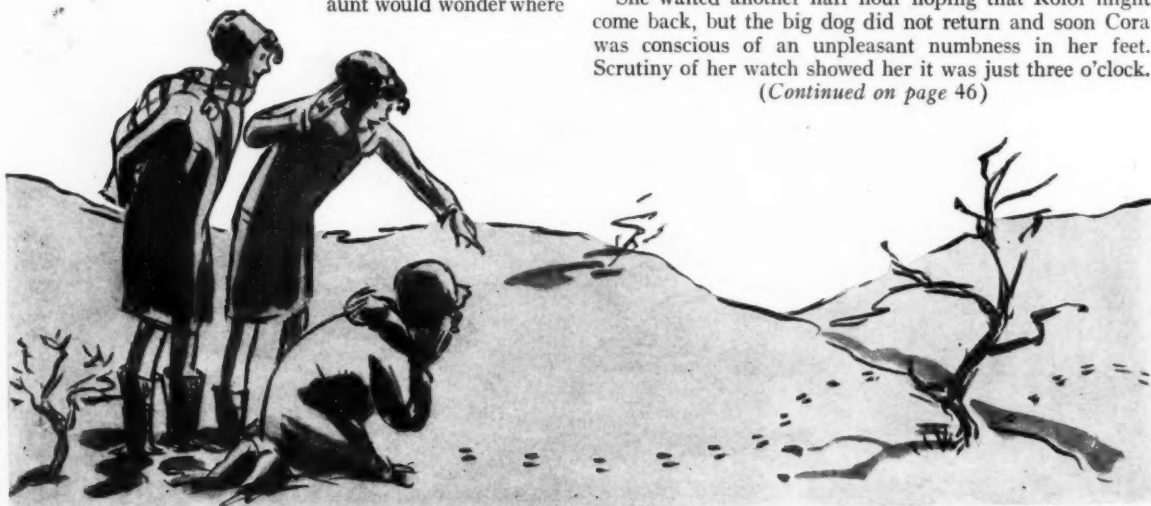
The camera!

She was holding it just as she had focused it, and she had been pressing her gloved fingers against the unyielding surface until every muscle in her hands and tense arms ached cruelly. But the camera would prove her story—how could she have forgotten what she held in her hands?

The next minute she had pressed the bulb. The blurs had reared backward, turned and dashed off through the woods. And Cora, turning the film slowly, was saying over and over, without in the least realizing what she was saying, "I hope it comes out well—oh, I hope it comes out well."

She waited another half hour hoping that Rolof might come back, but the big dog did not return and soon Cora was conscious of an unpleasant numbness in her feet. Scrutiny of her watch showed her it was just three o'clock.

(Continued on page 46)



"Why, rabbit tracks are rabbit tracks," Annie Laurie explained helplessly. "But I don't see any rabbit, murmured Cora protestingly



I don't know why I took it so seriously, but I did. I suppose everybody feels that way about a fortune teller

"Great happiness is in store for you," she said. "Great happiness, it—" and she paused while I waited

"I Am a Girl Who—

is sensitive, and I'd probably be miserable over it still if I hadn't learned some magic words—they're simple enough, too, and I'm passing them on"

WAS I sensitive? I was! I couldn't walk through the corridor at school without

Illustration by Clara Elsen Peck

imagining what everyone I met must be thinking about me. I couldn't stand being criticised or made fun of. I couldn't even stand the thought that I might be. And as for being teased, I always felt hurt and showed it. It would have been good for me if I had had a brother. But I didn't.

My father still scoffs when he hears the word mentioned, and says, "Sensitiveness! Nothing but humoring your ego." And I can hear my sister's, "Oh, these people who wear their skins inside out, they're a nuisance to have around." My mother used to talk to me very seriously about it. "You think too much about yourself, dear, and what other people think about you. And if you don't change, you are going to be very unhappy all your life." But that didn't change me. I was sensitive.

It seemed to me that I had to do so many things which weren't required of the other girls. Wearing made-over clothes, for instance. Or clothes that my mother picked out. My sister was a little older, so that sometimes I had to wear things which she passed on. How I hated them! And it always seemed to me that mother's idea of suitable clothes were not mine at all, nor what the other girls were wearing. Whenever I wore one of these dresses, I was terribly unhappy and conscious of it every minute. (Of course my thinking constantly of my clothes and being so conscious of them really called much more attention to them than if I had forgotten about them. But I didn't realize that, then.)

But that wasn't all, either. I couldn't bear being different from the other girls. My father and mother were the kind of people who had their own ideas of what was fitting and wouldn't change them for me. I was never allowed to buy any popular songs nor to play them on our piano. I was rarely allowed to go to the movies and if I used a word of slang, well—! Perhaps I wouldn't have minded this so much if it hadn't been that when I got out with the other

girls, I never seemed to know the things they did nor to be able to talk about them. And you know what a difference that makes.

"Goodness, haven't you heard that?" one of the girls would say. Or, "Don't you know that? Where have you been, back number!" Back number! I would cry about it that night. But what could I do? I felt worse than if I had been caught in some fault. And it seemed to me that I just wasn't in things at all.

I wished that I could leave the girls alone and stay at home with a private tutor. Anything, so that I wouldn't be coming up against girls who wore clothes that were different from mine and talked about things in which I couldn't join. If anyone had told my father and mother that I was unhappy, they wouldn't have believed it. But I was.

When I got to be a junior in high school, things got worse. For there were the dances. My father and mother said that I was still too young for dances. But I was the only girl in our crowd who wasn't allowed to go, for the dances were very nice ones and we all knew the boys who came. I felt that the girls were calling me "queer" behind my back. And I couldn't bear the thought.

And there was something else. Parties—small parties in the homes of friends whom I had known all my life and whose mothers and fathers were intimate friends of my father and mother, I was allowed to attend, but I had to leave at ten. My father used to call for me promptly at that time.

Rather than have him actually appear and take me home in what I felt to be "baby" fashion, I used to leave before he got there and meet him down the street! I simply couldn't bear to have the other girls know how "looked after" I was.

To cover it all up, I began to pretend that I didn't like dances and thought them very silly. At the smaller parties, instead of being honest, I used to announce with quite an

air, "I think I will go home now." What a prig I must have seemed to the girls—much worse than if I had honestly come right out with the whole thing! But I was sensitive. I was giving the girls an entirely wrong idea of the kind of girl I was, and one much less attractive than the real me. But I didn't realize it. I went around by myself more and more.

I was more happy than I can tell you when I was at last ready to go away to college. I was going to a different college from my sister's and it seemed to me that I was leaving all my troubles behind. There where no one would know me, I could be just the kind of girl I wanted to be. I used to plan it all out at night—how I would say this and that and do this and that and how much everyone would like me.

I forgot that I wasn't leaving myself behind, that nobody can change overnight just by taking a train to another place. And that I was just as sensitive as I ever had been because I had done nothing to get over it. I had simply given in to it, all the time.

Well, the first week I was there, I overheard an upper-classman say to a friend, nodding toward me, "Did you ever see a younger looking freshman in your life?"

There it was again—I was different, all on account of that babyish dress my mother had bought for me, and because she wouldn't let me change the way I wore my hair. From that time on, everywhere I went on the campus, I knew girls were pointing at me behind my back and saying, "Look at the kid!" "Isn't she a baby, though?" I was every bit as unhappy as I had been in high school, perhaps more so because I had counted on college so much.

Another dress which made me self-conscious and unhappy was my one and only party dress. It had been my high school graduation dress and was also what I considered kiddish. Every time I put it on, I was miserable. I didn't forget it for a minute. And even when I was apparently joining in the fun of the party, I wasn't having a good time. I was thinking about how lovely the other girls looked and how ridiculous I was.

One afternoon, sitting on the couch in my single—I roomed alone—I made up my mind to do something. I wasn't going to bother with the other girls at all. I would stay by myself. What was the use of going to parties and other places where I was miserable? I'd paste an *engaged* sign on my door and I'd stay inside my room except when I was at meals or in classes. I honestly thought I meant it.

Just then, the door opened and in came the junior who lived down the corridor. She was an adorable girl. Everybody liked her. And even though I had just decided I would never have any more visitors, I couldn't help being glad to see her.

"I came to invite you to a party," she said.

A party! For a minute, I was thrilled. Then I remembered that awful dress. I shook my head. "No," I said, "I can't." I wasn't even polite.

"But you don't even know when it's going to be," she went on. "How do you know you can't come?"

There was something about her which made me come out with the truth for the first time in my life. "I'm not going to any more parties in that babyish dress of mine," I told her. "And it's the only party dress I have."

She didn't seem the least bit surprised. And she came right back with, "But this is a masquerade," she said. "And I have a costume you can borrow."

Sometimes things happen to you in life that seem almost planned. This was one of them. The costume was very becoming to me. And I had no sooner gone through the door of the gym where the party was being held than I began having a good time. Everyone was wearing a funny or a fancy costume and everyone had on a mask. I didn't know who anybody else was and nobody knew me. It was glorious.

Over in the corner was a fortune-telling booth. The fortune-teller was masked and dressed like a gypsy. And half-way through the evening, when I was standing near her, I felt a tug on my skirt.

"Come," she said in a mysterious voice. "I will reveal your future." And I went into her booth.

She studied my palms carefully, then smiled at me.

"Great happiness is in store for you," she said. "Great happiness. If you get over your habit of feeling inferior to everybody around you."

I gasped. Now how did she know that? I looked at her suspiciously but she was bending over my hand.

"You will have to get over the idea that you are the only one who can't have and do everything she wants, or who is not all that she wants to be," she went on. "Everybody is like that."

"Learn to say to yourself, 'Well, what of it?' and go ahead. Very few things about you matter to other folks as much as you think they do. Don't be ashamed of what you have or what you are. Don't be afraid of being laughed at. What of it? Laugh back."

"You are one who takes herself too seriously. Try laughing at yourself and your worries. When you start to be embarrassed with the other girls, think of something funny to say."

Not that she said everything right along like that. But that is the way I remember it, because even now I am sure I know her very words. It seemed to me that a perfect oracle had been talking to me, because for the first time in my life someone had told me what to do about my sensitiveness.

I wondered who the fortune teller was. But when I carried back the costume to my junior friend, something in the way she said, "Did you have a good time, Molly?" gave me a hint.

"You were the fortune teller," I said.

She smiled at me. "Well?" she said. And I didn't seem to mind a bit.

It takes time to cure a sensitiveness like mine was. And very often I am more than discouraged about myself.

Looking back, I think that what has helped me most after all has been just those words, "Well, what of it?" I must have said them to myself hundreds of

times. I know I shall say them hundreds more times before I am through college. "Well, what of it?"

Try them, if you are a sensitive girl, too.

TO YOU FROM THE EDITOR. Do you like this page in THE AMERICAN GIRL? Has it helped you to read of the difficult things which other girls are meeting? If so, won't you write a letter to THE AMERICAN GIRL telling us? And if you wish to tell, too, what is your greatest difficulty, we will try to help you out. We do not publish any of your personal letters without your permission.

A Poem by a Girl

FIRST SNOW

By BEATRICE WADHAMS

PIERROT

*Shows off to the stars
Tonight!*

*In his spotted costume
Spotted white,
Painting the skies,
Gilding the moon,
Balancing pearls
In a silver spoon—*

Pierrot

*Shows off to the stars
Tonight!*

*Paling winter
In violet light,
Spilling the spoon—
And laughing to see
Pearl upon pearl
Falling on me!*

FROM CREATIVE YOUTH

By Hughes Mearns

Doubleday Page and Company



Neysa McMein and her little daughter

Neysa McMein

"If I could only be an artist," how many of us say that! One of our popular illustrators tells how she earned fame and fortune

VERMILION, and violet, and cobalt blue . . . Ochre and a dab of shiny black . . . Every color known to painters was in vivid evidence all over Neysa McMein's studio—labeled neatly in tubes, smeared in oily profusion on her palette, and taking human form in a half-finished portrait of Beatrice Lillie, the actress, which stood full length on an upright canvas. I was almost certain that Neysa in her blue smock had, in a moment of devilry, broken up the rainbow into its component hues and spilled them lavishly over the room. I was almost certain . . . Anyway, there was the room, and there was the color, and there was Neysa McMein.

"Come in," said the blue smock. Of course it may have been the artist who spoke, but it sounded like her blue smock. Voices can have color, as well as palettes, and this voice was undeniably a cerulian blue.

I advanced into the big studio, liked it immediately,

By HELEN FERRIS

liked its owner, and sat down in one of its chairs. That was a feat of dexterity, for the room was a delicious jumble of everything comfortable and everything colorful. It was like a curio shop, though much nicer. There were brushes—big fellows, built for use. There was a tall skylight, built for sun. There were the innumerable originals of magazine covers which Neysa McMein has painted. There were vases, bric-a-brac, photographs, and a table on which reposed a bitten-into piece of toast. There was the top of Joan Whitney's head, visible above two canvases. And as a surprise, for this was a painter's studio, there were two pianos and a collection of musical instruments!

"Before we begin," I said, "I want to get your name straight. Is the 'McMein' pronounced with an *a* sound or an *i* sound?" That had puzzled me for a long time.

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrations by Henry Pitz

Young George

*"And I don't see Marse Gawge no mo' twell
I gets to Marse Lawd Fabfax, and dat
black Tundahbolt he done turn white lik de
clouds wid runnin' so swif' all de way"*



The story of a spring day in old Virginia when a young schoolboy named George Washington took a wild ride, and what came of it

SPRING is restless time for all young things all the world over. This is no modern habit of spring's. It was the same years ago in Virginia. Spring, making the colts and lambs to frolic and the birds incredibly busy and chattering, making children mad for play, and grown-ups take to the saddle just to be racing the wind, was tugging at a youth who sat on the grass looking unseeingly over a generous garden.

He was sixteen years of age, tall and of a build that already showed muscular power and lively health, somewhat ruddy of face, with very clear eyes under his level brows. His large nose and prominent chin indicated force of character. Here, the thoughtful observer would have said, were an iron will, strong emotions, and a passionate temper kept in check by the habitual poise and the self-discipline which were considered the hallmark of good breeding. The tradition of the English aristocracy, which declares that a gentleman is always in command of himself, was a powerful influence in this lad's family, although it was about a hundred years now since the first men of his name had come from England as refugees to Virginia.

In the days of those ancestors, now long ago, there had been a civil war and a great social upheaval in England. The English people had beheaded a king and had established a Commonwealth. And, as with all civil wars, the nation had remained divided in sympathies and shaken with intolerances for long afterwards. This lad's ancestors had been loyal King's men, devoting all their support to the Crown and to its special privileges, and seeing no virtue whatever in any one who dared oppose the old and long established order. In disgust at the democratic turn things were taking in England, unable to compromise with their consciences as many other royalists were doing, they

gathered up all their movable goods, left the old estate which had been in their family for generations and which they loved, and, with bitter hearts, forsook what they considered a ruined England and emigrated to America—to forget and to be forgotten. In Virginia they took up a large holding, bought slaves, and made their plantation productive. At dinner, alone or with other exiled royalists, they toasted the memory of their perished king and cursed Cromwell and all republicans. And always they and their descendants maintained the tradition of English gentlemen. In each generation they were men of honor, and of courage, who would not compromise with what they believed to be wrong. They had courtly manners, they were kind to their dependents, they rode well, they fenced well, they fought well, and their name was respected in Virginia; though no one of them had yet risen to eminence or fame.

Certainly on this particular spring day, when the sixteen-year-old lad, the youngest of their line, sulked in the garden because he had nothing interesting to do, no one dreamed that world-wide acclaim would one day be his, nor that a great nation's seat of government—a *republican government, too!*—would forever bear his name.

"Racey!" He sprang up suddenly and called to a black boy who was coming out of the house. "Racey!"

"Yassah, Marse Gawge."

"Saddle Thunderbolt and bring him to the gate."

"Is I gwine 'long, Marse Gawge?"

"Feelin' restless, too, Racey?"

"Marse Gawge, I'se feelin' worse'n rulsuss. I'se a dangerous man. Dat's what I is." Racey grinned from ear to ear with delight because his young master was smiling.

"Hurry along, then!"

"Hurry's what I does bes', Marse Gawge. Didn't make

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER



no mistake, mah ole daddy didn't, w'en he name me fo' ole Marse's hawse what won dat race so fas' nobody done eber gwine fo'git it."

"Hurricane must have been a splendid horse. I wish I had him to ride today!"

"Yassah. Racey Huh'cane. Dat's Marse Gawge's boy. Huh'cane fo' de hawse; an' Race fo' de race. An' den dey makes it Racey so dey kin sing it w'en dey's got to call me; fo' Ise so swif' Ise out o' sight mos' o' de day."

George burst out laughing.

"Let me see how swift you can be in getting out the horses. I shall probably call on Lord Fairfax on the way home. I want to have a look at his new hunter which has just arrived from England. His Lordship is very pleased with him. I may have a try at riding him."

"Cyan't beat Tundabolt," Racey Hurricane asserted, and sped off to the stables.

Perhaps George's restlessness urged him to unseemly galloping that day, for the tale which Racey Hurricane brought home at sunset to his daddy's cabin described the wildest riding ever seen in Virginia.

Hear him as he tells the story, perched on the cabin stoop. His daddy and mammy are placidly smoking. Daddy is a small man, wiry, and with a certain air of elegance about him, for he helps in the stables and has the opportunity to observe, and imitate, the manners of gentlemen who ride to the hounds. Mammy is large and fat and powerful. She and her rocker fill the doorway. She came up from the fields and she has no elegance. She is

very religious; and her pride, because her son is Master George's special "boy," knows no bounds. She shows it by making him toe the mark. He fears her more than "han'ts" or the whispers of voodoo women. Just now, and not wisely, he has forgotten that in the ecstasy of his recital.

"What Marse Gawge done want to kill heself fo'?" asks Daddy.

"Ain't done want. He rus'luss. Jes' powe'ful rus'luss. So he give Tundabolt he head. An' Tundabolt, he take he head! Lawsy!" Racey's eyes rolled white. "Fus' I sees de dus' dat hawse makin' 'head o' me. Den don't see no mo' dus' coz dat hawse he leave de groun' 'way down below."

"He sp'out wings?" Mammy removes her pipe to query.

"Ain't need 'em. He jes' riz on he own speed, like de win'. Nex' thing I sees, Marse Gawge is gwine ovah de tops o' de trees an' Ise gwine 'long ten miles behin' him on de groun' wid de leaves fallin' in mah eyes. Nex' thing a big blue cawn-pone hit me smack in de face."

"Whar dat blue cawn-pone come f'om?" Mammy demands.

"Lawsy! Marse Gawge done rip it outen de sky. Dat's whar! Den I don't see Marse Gawge no mo' twell I gits to Marse Lawd Fahfax. An' dah's Marse Gawge jumpin' down off'n a hawse what's white lik de clouds!"

(Continued on page 37)





Even dish washing isn't so bad when you have a convenient and gaily painted cabinet like this one to hold the dishes—and you can put them away as you dry them, too. The cleaning powders and brushes are in the little compartments over the sink, and the pots and pans are under the dish cabinet. There are two other sliding shelves like the one on which the girl is putting the "Dutch oven" for her casserole dinner

Dinner en Casserole

Savory, piquant foods are what we like when winter days whet the appetite, and here is a delicious dinner you can cook yourself

THIS month we shall take ourselves to the land of France to learn one of the most delicious and satisfying of the French dishes. We can imagine ourselves in a real French kitchen with brightly polished copper pans and pots hung against the dark wall, and savory odors arising from the stove when Madame raises for a minute the lid of one of her shining pans.

She is cooking *en casserole*; and although that term does look important when we read it on a menu, we will find that it is really a very simple way of cooking a meal. That it is simple, of course, does not prevent its giving us an opportunity for an impressive moment. It comes after we have presented the family with the new dish, and after we have lived through that harrowing instant when they are tasting it a little doubtfully, and after they have tasted it again delightedly, and everyone has said in one voice, "Delicious, what is it?" Then we can reply modestly, "*Casserole Espagnole*, a French dish served in a Spanish way." Even a twin brother will respect you after that.

A casserole is a stew pan with a well-fitting cover which prevents the steam and the flavor from escaping. In France and other European countries, the casserole is made of copper; in the West Indies and in France, too, they use

By WINIFRED MOSES

Illustrations by J. M. Rosé

casseroles of a porous brown earthenware, glazed only on the inside and with a long hollow handle sticking out from one side. English casseroles may be had in lovely

Poole pottery. The Japanese make lovely ones in gray crackleware with delicate decorations. Our own American forefathers used a covered iron pot which stood on three legs. We still find these in many kitchens, and though they are heavy to handle and difficult to wash they are useful, and most delicious foods may be cooked in them.

In our own shops, too, are casseroles of all shapes and sizes: old-fashioned bean pots; casseroles of fireproof glass; of brown and green glazed earthenware; and the covered roasters and waterless cookers in aluminum, in nickel and in iron.

Of course, we do not use all kinds of casseroles for cooking the same things. A large deep casserole is used for cooking a whole chicken, a pot roast or for baked beans. Thin, flat casseroles are best for making scalloped dishes and dishes *au gratin* (with cheese). Tiny casseroles are needed for cooking individual dishes, for shirring eggs and for little meat or vegetable pies. The copper, nickel, aluminum and iron ones may be used both on top and inside of the stove. So you see, a well-equipped kitchen needs not

one but many types of this useful piece of equipment.

Casseroles made of glass, pottery or earthenware should be tempered, that is, toughened in the following manner before using: The dish is filled with cold water and heated gradually until the water reaches the boiling point. But even after this treatment, these types of casserole must be carefully handled. So great is their objection to sudden changes in temperature that if a hot one is put suddenly into cold water or a cold one into hot water, it will voice its protest by cracking. They must not be put directly over the flame either, but an asbestos mat should be put under them or they will consider it a sufficient excuse for breaking up.

Now there are endless casserole dishes and while we go to France to borrow the idea of casserole cookery, we will go into Spain for our basic recipe which we shall call *Shin of Beef Espagnole*.

Shin of Beef Espagnole

2 tablespoons chopped suet	4 onions cut in quarters
2 pounds shin of beef cut in four or six servings; or	1 bunch of carrots or 6 small ones
1½ pounds round steak	1 bunch of celery diced
2 tablespoons flour	1 green pepper sliced
1 teaspoon salt	1½ cups of canned tomato spices
½ teaspoon pepper	

If shin of beef is used, choose the top cut of the shin and have it cut in four or six servings at the market. If steak is used, select round steak which may be cut in the kitchen. Wipe each piece of meat clean with a damp cloth (meat is not washed in water because it will lose some of its juices). Put the flour, salt, and pepper in a bowl and mix. You can add celery salt if you like it. Put your casserole on the fire with two tablespoons of chopped suet or other fat. (A deep casserole or an iron pot with a tight fitting cover should be used.) Dip each piece of meat in the flour mixture and when the pot is hot, put in the meat and sear on one side. Turn the pieces and sear them on the other side. The purpose of the searing is, first, to form a coating over the outside of the meat to keep in its juices, second, to brown the flour and meat, which improves both the color and flavor of the dish, and third, to help to thicken the gravy. While the meat is searing, scrape the carrots and put them in water. Peel the onions and clean the celery. Cut out the stem of the green pepper, the white part and the seeds, and slice in strips. It saves time if the searing of the meat and the preparation of the vegetables can go on at the same time, but the meat must be watched and turned or it will burn and spoil the flavor of the dish. When the meat is seared, add the carrots. If they are young and tender, put them in whole, if not, cut each carrot in four pieces lengthwise. Add the onions cut in quarters, the celery cut in dice and the green pepper cut in strips or slices. Next put in a good-sized pinch of mace, a half teaspoon of whole pickling spices, a half teaspoon of sage and two more teaspoons of salt. Pour the tomato over all this. Cover the pot and when it begins to boil, set over the simmerer and continue cooking for two hours or until the meat is tender. When you take the cover off, if the gravy is not thick enough to suit you, put a tablespoon of flour in a cup, add a tablespoon of soft butter and cream them together. Then dilute this to a smooth paste by stirring into it a little liquid from the pot. Add this to the gravy and shake the pot until it boils or the liquid thickens. Be sure the flour is well blended.

If you have used one of the earthenware or glass casseroles, you may take the dish directly to the table, resting it on a platter; or put it into its silver or nickel container, if you have one. If you use the iron pot, the meat and vegetables may be turned out on a large platter or tureen, with a garnishing of parsley; or you may prefer to serve the separate plates in the kitchen.

It takes about one half hour to sear the meat and prepare all the vegetables for cooking. The simmering is continued for two hours, or until the meat is tender.

If you do not have a covered iron pot, the meat may be seared in a frying pan, then put into any kind of casserole. The vegetables, spices and liquid are added and the whole cooked in the oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit for about two hours.

Any kind of meat, lamb, ham, veal, chicken, liver or kidneys, may be cooked in this way with any combination of vegetables with either water, tomato juice, or stock.

In planning this dish for a number of persons, allow about one fourth of a pound of clear meat or one third or one half pound of bony meat, and one of each of the vegetables such as carrots, onions and potatoes for each person to be served. Then add the seasoning, such as vegetables, peppers, celery, spices and salt in proportion.

Using the *Shin of Beef Espagnole* for the principal dish of a family dinner, we can build up a delicious meal around it. Why not try this:

Shin of Beef Espagnole
Lettuce Salad French Dressing
Whole Wheat Bread Toast
Hot Water Sponge Cake with Banana Sauce

You know how to prepare lettuce with French dressing, so you have only the dessert to learn. Here are the recipes:

Hot Water Sponge Cake

1 cup flour	1 cup sugar
1½ teaspoon baking powder	6 tablespoons hot water
¼ teaspoon salt	½ tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg whites	2 egg yolks

Sift the flour, measure, add the dry ingredients and sift them together. Beat the egg yolks, add one half of the sugar and beat again. Add the hot water, the remainder of the sugar and the lemon juice, mixing well. Fold in the flour and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in well greased muffin tins in a moderate oven, that is about 375 degrees Fahrenheit for about twenty-five minutes.

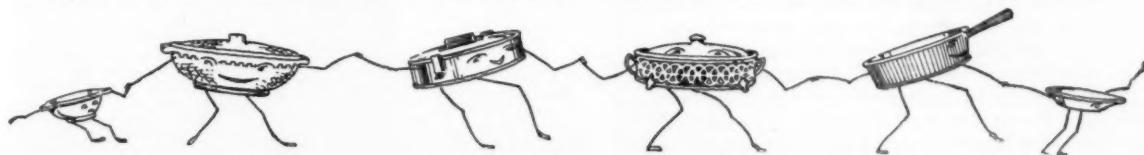
Banana Sauce

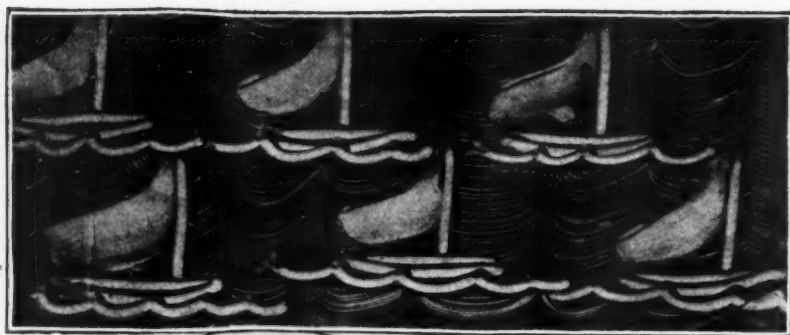
2 cups confectioners sugar	lemon juice
½ cup of butter	3 bananas

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the lemon juice until it is of right consistency to spread. Peel and slice the bananas. Add them to the butter and sugar mixture and beat together until creamy.

In making a menu for a meal there are certain things we should always have, and in a later article we will tell you just how you should go about combining foods so as to make a well-balanced meal.

This menu does follow the rules because it contains lean meat for iron; two vegetables besides potato and tomato; one raw, green, leafy vegetable for iron and vitamins; whole wheat bread for iron and vitamin; a fruit.





A New

*And it's not just
handicraft for
to cover your books,*

By ILONKA KARASZ



ONE: The ship decorated paper makes a charming cover for your loved book

TWO: A swirl of a brush in the wet starch makes these interesting whorls

GAY portfolios, books covered in green and yellow and fuchsia, paper lamp shades in blue and in violet, a small screen decorated with wide-eyed flying fishes, and sheets and sheets of colored paper, rather crinkly and decorated with all manner of unusual and modern designs.

"They are made from that beautiful imported paper," you might say to yourself.

But it is not imported at all. It is decorated paper, but you can make it yourself, and all you will need is ordinary white paper, a brush, laundry starch and India ink—and perhaps a pencil with an eraser, or a comb or even a potato masher. And you can spend blissful hours experimenting and watching unexpected designs grow under your fingers.

It is very simple to do. You take some paper—ordinary white wrapping paper will do if it isn't too absorbent—and cut it into sheets of the right size for whatever you want to use it. If you are covering a screen, you will need fairly large pieces. If you want to cover small gift boxes or make little valentine booklets, you may use smaller sheets.

After you have cut your paper, always allowing a little extra for torn edges or for folding over, you spread it on a big table with plenty of newspapers underneath, and on the floor, too, for the job is rather messy. The ideal place to

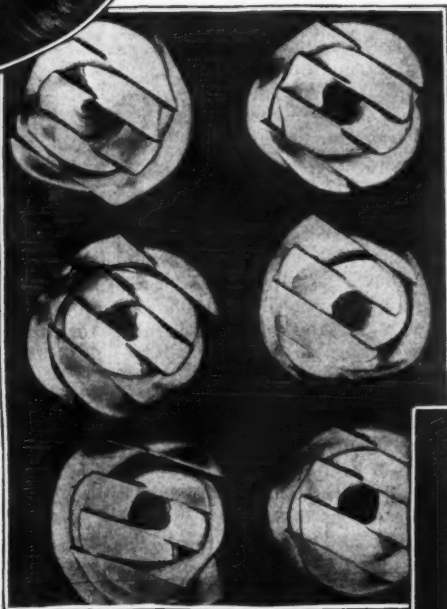
work is the kitchen. Then make some boiled starch. Be sure and have it thick and creamy, just as it is used for starching clothes on wash day. Mix the dry starch well with cold water before pouring in the boiling water, and stir it constantly so there will be no lumps.

For coloring you can use either show card colors or India ink—the ink is a little more expensive. Mix a little of your chosen color with some of the starch, being careful not to use too much color or the starch will crack and chip off when it is put on the paper. Then, with a paint brush about two inches wide, apply the warm, colored starch to the paper, spreading it thickly and evenly. You need not be too particular about the sort of brush you use, but one that is too cheap is always expensive in the end, for the bristles will be sure to come out and cause a blotchy job.

When your paper has been wet with the starch, you can begin to exercise your artistic ability by making designs. Here is where all your kitchen utensils and the useless discarded articles in the family junk box come in.

A design for covering a portfolio may be made with the same paint-brush that you used to spread the starch. Just make little twists with the brush in rows across the paper. When you have finished, it will look surprisingly like conventional whorls or flowers (figure two), and with a smaller brush you can put in centers of a different color.

Another design may be made by



THREE: Experiment in your mother's kitchen—these conventionalized roses are made by a potato masher

FOUR: Draw a comb over the paper in wavy lines in first one direction and then the other



Kind of Valentine

a valentine, either; here is a fascinating you—decorative paper that you can use for screens and many other things

and MABEL REAGH HUTCHINS

cutting teeth in a piece of cardboard and drawing it across the paper, making w's with it occasionally, as in figure six. You can fill in the open places with little zig-zags drawn with the eraser end of a pencil.

A comb with fine teeth at one end and coarse teeth at the other can be drawn through the wet starch in wavy lines to make a design like the one in figure four. After going across the paper in one direction, go over it again in the other.

The design of little ships and waves shown in figure one is easy to make, too. And what could be a nicer cover for some of your loved old books, that are too shabby to decorate your bookshelves and too dear to be banished to the attic, than these jolly little ships? The design pictured was made by first drawing a comb in wide u's over the paper. Then the masts and waves—straight lines and curved lines—were drawn with the eraser end of a pencil, and lastly the little sails were made with the forefinger. Try that for yourself.

The flowers and leaves at the top of page twenty-one were drawn with a pencil eraser, too. You will be surprised to find what decorative designs you can make yourself when you begin, and let your fancy and pencil run away with you.

The attractive design shown in figure three was made with a small wire potato masher. The masher was pressed onto the starch-covered paper and turned, pressed again in another place and turned, until the whole sheet was decorated with conventionalized roses.

There are dozens of other designs that you will originate for yourself once you get started, and it will be much more fun for you to experiment yourself and see what happens with jar tops and bottle corks—you can notch these—and different shaped cookie cutters.

Here is one more idea, though. You can make linoleum blocks and stamp the design on the paper. The effect is lovely. A Girl Scout recently made a graceful tree design and used it to decorate the cover of her nature notebook.



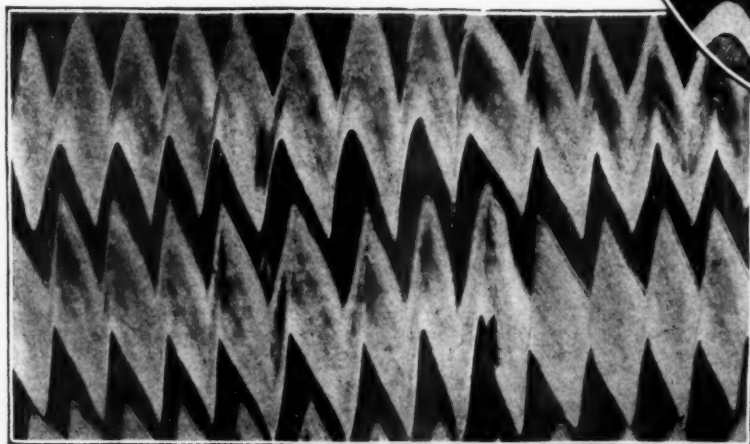
FIVE: See what new flowers you can originate for yourself as a cover for your nature notebook or diary

It turned out so well that she made several starch-paper covered notebooks for Christmas and birthday gifts for her friends. Now she is making tiny little books, covered with this gay paper for valentines for all her best friends.

(Continued on page 35)



SIX: A stiff piece of cardboard notched to make five teeth and drawn in straight and up and down lines will give you a new and unusual decoration like this



SEVEN: A piece of cardboard about an inch wide drawn up and down in w's made this; try making s's also, and then experiment with various figures



*For what has happened so far
in this story see page forty-four*

"Will you look at that!" To their astonishment, they saw the little plane turn and head back, apparently for Wilbur Wright Field

CHAPTER IX

By THOMSON BURTIS

Illustrations by Fred C. Yohn

AND with those strange words, the man disappeared into the gathering twilight.

Suddenly Curly felt frightened and very much alone. George and Slim were away. And Mr. O'Reilly had seemed so gravely earnest in his warning. Curly hastened her footsteps toward her little boat. There it was, safe and untouched, the guard unconcernedly smoking a pipe nearby.

"Has anyone been out here?" Curly asked anxiously.

"You mean to your plane?" inquired the man.

Curly nodded.

"Not on your life. Say, girl, what do you think I'm here for?"

Curly looked over her precious possession with a minutely appraising eye. The guard was right—everything was as it should be. It was untouched.

"Oh, I just thought maybe someone had been along to have a look at it," Curly returned, and walked away.

Very slowly she picked her way across the field in the direction of the Corridon's. What had Mr. O'Reilly meant? The last few days she had so entirely dismissed from her mind the happenings of her trip that she had almost convinced herself that they were a bad dream. Yet here they were again, jumping out at her from the darkness. And once more her mind was awl with anxious conjectures.

Mr. O'Reilly's words might have been an honest warning. Curly remembered his sudden appearance at the Colonel's office in San Antonio. He had seemed honest then, to her as well as to George. Ever since, George had refused to believe that the man cherished any grudge against her. On the other hand, Slim had never agreed with George. And looking at the matter from Slim's point of view, that

sudden warning, delivered in so abrupt a manner might be only a way of making her nervous, afraid to fly, even. With the guard so carefully vigilant out on the field, such a

procedure would be almost the only one open to a person who had such an object in mind.

Of Isobel Curly had seen little since arriving. The Spanish girl had been invited to one or two of the social functions given by the women of the post, but her continued aloof manner had kept her from becoming a favorite. In fact, she had so obviously preferred to be by herself that those around her had tacitly granted her that privilege.

But she had not seemed happy. Several times Curly had glanced up to find Isobel near her, dark eyes mournfully regarding her former friend. In such moments, Curly had felt a rush of forgiveness. And she would have gone to Isobel gladly, had not the latter always quickly turned away.

Curly, alone in the darkness, sighed heavily. "Oh, why isn't George here?" she thought.

The welcoming light of the Corridon's home gleamed warmly across her path. Curly walked slowly, trying to decide whether she should tell the Commander of Mr. O'Reilly's strange words. She and George and Slim had said little of the unhappy events of the trip.

"Nothing's happened—really," George had said. "So don't let's stir things up here."

Commander Corridon had been told, since it had been necessary to ask him that the special guards be detailed. But since many of the planes, for one reason or another, had special guards, the presence of the men near Curly's plane had been little noticed, in fact, not noticed at all.

As Curly approached the house, she thought of how

Curly Rides High

Curly finds the clue to the mystery and something finer and more beautiful than she had expected at the end of the adventure

busy the Commander was all day long, and how tired he was at night. If she told him now about Mr. O'Reilly, he would be troubled.

"And what could he do but speak to the guard again, and I've just been out to see him?" Curly argued to herself.

So, as she went up the steps, she determined to keep her worry to herself until George and Slim returned, and to make this evening as enjoyable a one as possible for the host and hostess who were making her visit to the Wilbur Wright Field so memorable a one. To every outward appearance, Curly was successful. The evening passed swiftly and happily, with talk of the coming program and news of the distinguished visitors who had arrived for the meet that day. Nor did her kind friends guess that the girl who seemed so light-hearted was profoundly disturbed and that she welcomed the moment when she could go to her room alone to think.

Michael O'Reilly's words were ringing in her ears when, very late, she fell asleep. They echoed the minute she opened her eyes in the morning. It was very early, but with a start she jumped from bed and started to dress.

"I'll just run out to the field before breakfast and make sure everything is all right," she thought. Adding, "But of course nothing has happened."

Nevertheless her hands trembled in their haste and her breath came rapidly. Outside the door, in the cool morning air, she at once turned toward the field and her beloved little scout. Faster and faster and faster she walked. Faster and faster, then breaking into a run. Of course everything was all right. Of course it was—but she wanted to see.

She was out on the field now, finding her way among the many planes, her mind wholly upon a certain spot, her concern entirely for a certain little boat. There it was.

But what was happening? A man was running over across the field, shouting angrily and evidently pursuing someone. As Curly looked at him, she felt sure he was the guard with whom she had talked before. She began to run. Other guards hurried out from their various posts. What had happened? Oh, what had happened?

Then another sound echoed across the field—the whir of an engine. The whir of one engine—her own. Curly stopped still in dismay. There, before her, she saw her own little scout lifted from the ground, up, up into the air. Wildly, she ran along the field, her head

turned upward, her arms uplifted. "Stop!" she cried in despair. "Stop! Stop!" as though any word of hers could be heard by the person in the airplane.

"Stop!" she cried. "Oh, stop!" and ran straight into the huge, bulking figure of Michael O'Reilly.

"Stop them, stop them! Oh, can't we do something?" Curly cried, with no thought, then, of why Mr. O'Reilly was there.

"Sure we can do something," he replied. "Hop into my boat and we'll go after them."

Together they ran to the spot where Mr. O'Reilly's plane lay at ease. "Hop to it," the man commanded his keen-eyed pilot—nor did Curly wonder about him either. Almost before she realized what had happened, she and Mr. O'Reilly were high in the air, in rapid pursuit of her plane.

"I didn't know he'd get busy so soon," Mr. O'Reilly shouted to Curly, above the noise of the engine.

Then, for the first time, Curly seemed to realize just who was with her.

"Why—why—" she said in greatest bewilderment.

"Why—why—" she stammered in helpless amazement.

"I'll tell you who it is," responded the man. "Just who I thought all along—that Spaniard and that niece of his. They've been lying low ever since they got here. But Joe, here's been keeping an eye on 'em. And last night he told me that—"

"Will you look at that, now," interrupted Joe excitedly. "For the love of Mike!"

Curly and Mr. O'Reilly looked. To their utter astonishment, they saw Curly's little plane turn and head back, apparently for Wilbur Wright Field. In a moment, it passed them, close enough for them to see who was flying it.

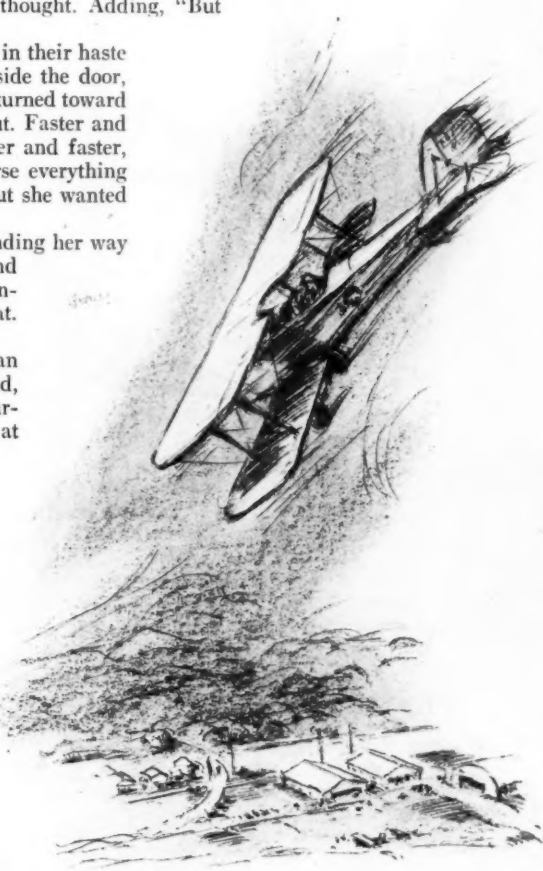
Isobel!

"What'd I tell you?" shouted Mr. O'Reilly, triumphantly.

"But she is going back!" exclaimed Curly.

"Surest thing you know, she's going back," yelled Joe, turning their own plane and heading for the field in pursuit.

It was Isobel, bringing Curly's plane to rest again with all the skill of which she was capable. It was



Isobel, sitting in the cockpit, as they all came running up, sobbing bitterly.

"Explain this, will you?" demanded Michael O'Reilly, angrily. "What do you mean, taking Miss Saks' plane?"

For answer, Isobel continued to sob.

Something about her grief went to Curly's heart. "Tell me, Isobel," she said. "Won't you tell me?" And over her shoulder, to Mr. O'Reilly "She didn't really take it, you know. She came back."

For some minutes, all that Isobel could say was a sorrowful, "Oh, Curlee," between choking sobs.

And just as she became more quiet, up ran the guard whom Curly had seen disappearing from the field. He was angry and baffled and he was shouting, "He got away, but we can get him." Then he stopped in astonishment at sight of the girl in the cockpit, with Curly leaning over her. "Weren't you the one I called to that was starting the engine?" he gasped, addressing Curly.

At his words, Isobel buried her face more deeply in her arm.

Curly shook her head. Michael O'Reilly cleared his throat. "Now, son, you tell your side of it while the girl here calms down."

The guard removed his cap and brushed back his hair. "I was standing just about over there," said he, pointing and struggling for breath, "when a man come running past me like all get out and right up to Miss Saks' plane here. I yelled at him, but he went right on and when he come alongside, I seen him throw in something white. I yelled

and started chasing him. Well, I'd just run away when I happened to think he probably had a partner somewhere and it was a scheme to get me off the grounds. So I stopped and started back. And just then I seen Miss Saks, here, coming along. I yelled to her to stick around and I started after the man again. I heard the plane tuning up, and I figured it was Miss Saks coming after us. So I hopped to it. Of course, by that time, he'd got a start on me, and it being so early in the morning and all there wasn't anyone to stop him, so I never did catch up with him. But what's *she* doing in there?" pointing to Isobel.

"She's the one who took the plane up," explained Michael O'Reilly.

"And she's the one who brought it back, too," said Curly, swiftly. "Won't you tell us why you did it, Isobel?" she asked softly. "I think it would be better if you would."

For a moment, Isobel did not reply. Then, with an effort, she lifted her tear-stained face. "Please, Curlee, take me home with you. Please, Curlee."

There was something in the piteousness of her appeal which went straight to Curly's heart. "I'm sure there's some good reason for what she did, truly Mr. O'Reilly," she said.

"That may be, but she ought to tell it and tell it quick," returned the big man, "before we go after that uncle of hers—because he's the one who ran off, all right, all right."

At his words, the Spanish girl leaped from the cockpit and stood before them, her eyes flashing, every muscle in her body tense with feeling. "That I will nevaire tell!

Nevaire! Nevaire!" Then, turning to Curly's plane, "Look at it. It is not hurt. I bring it back. What have I done?"

It was true. Curly could see that the scout was unharmed. "Don't make her tell now," she begged Mr. O'Reilly. "Let her go home with me and stay until my brother gets back. She wants to do that, don't you, Isobel?"

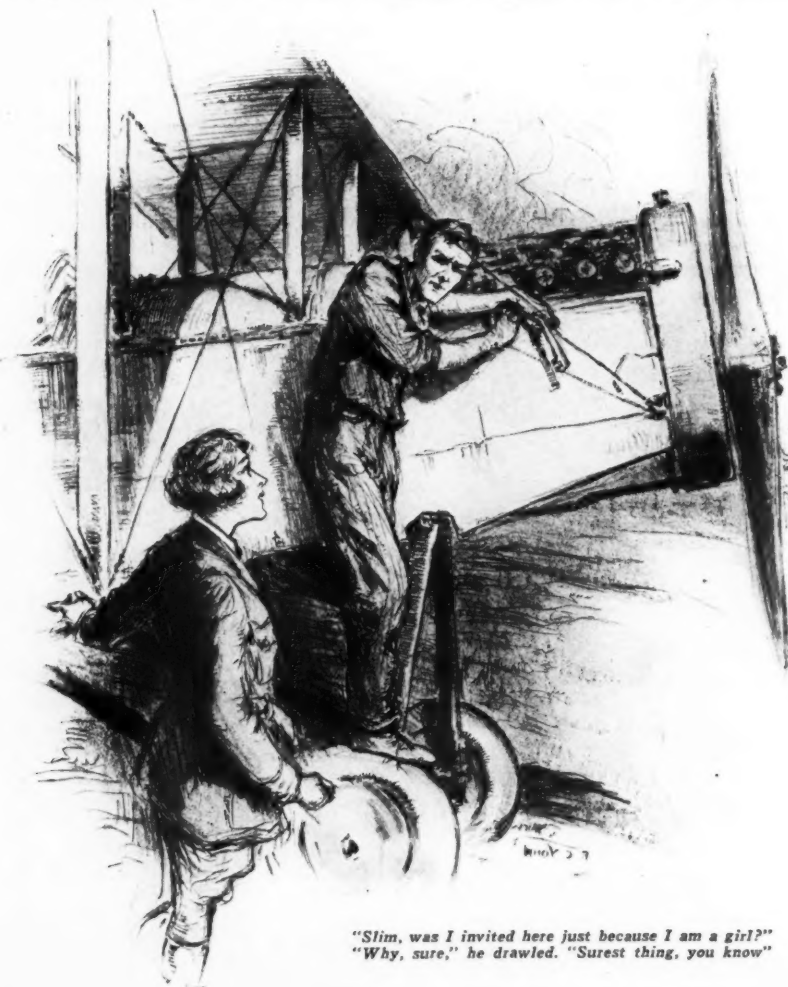
For answer, the girl once more covered her face and sobbed.

"Don't, Isobel," said Curly, comfortingly. "Don't, dear." Nor did she herself understand why, under the circumstances, all feeling of bitterness and resentment against Isobel had vanished.

"She's tired and I don't think she feels very well," Curly explained to Mrs. Corridon as she and Isobel came into the house. "I'll take her upstairs to my room, if you don't mind." Behind Isobel's back, she silently conveyed to Mrs. Corridon intimation that she would explain everything in a few minutes.

All the way from the field, Isobel had said nothing to her friend, but she had kept tight hold of Curly's hand. And Lucy felt certain that in time everything would be explained. Now, at sight of the bed, the Spanish girl sighed in relief. Sinking down upon the covers, her feet over the edge of the bed, she shut her eyes. Curly removed her

(Continued on page 41)



"Slim, was I invited here just because I am a girl?"
"Why, sure," he drawled. "Surest thing, you know"



Begin an overhead pass with ball above the head



At the finish of the pass, the arms are stretched out in front of the body



In the single underarm pass, the ball is held low in right hand, weight is on right foot, and left foot points forward



When the pass is being made, the weight shifts from the right to the left foot as the ball is thrown

Can a Girl Learn to Throw?

If you've been practicing since last month, you know she can—but there's more to be learned, so keep on trying

HOW is your throwing practice progressing? Have you been practicing the

By LEONORA ANDERSEN

underhand pass, the chest pass and the double sidearm pass which we described for you last month? If you have, you are ready for the overhead pass, the single overarm pass, and the single underarm pass. And when you have practiced them—and learned them—and are able to use them in your games—then you are a "throwing graduate." You know how.

But I should add that being a throwing graduate is not so easy as it sounds. As in every sport, you will find it necessary to practice and practice and practice. You must try yourself out in regular games. You must analyze your failures. You must go back again and again to your slow, careful practice. And you must never neglect it if you wish to be an excellent athlete.

In overhead pass, one foot is somewhat in advance of the other, sometimes ten or twelve inches, the weight is on the rear foot, the ball is held in both hands over the head and somewhat back. The elbows are slightly bent. The ball is thrown forward with a quick movement as the weight is transferred to the forward foot. See illustrations one and two.

In single overarm pass, the left foot is ten or twelve inches in advance of the right, the ball is held back over the right shoulder with the right hand behind and partly on top of the ball. The trunk is rotated to the right and the left hand steadies the ball. In throwing, the right hand is brought forward with a snap, the left arm is swung back, there is a quick rotation of the trunk; and transfer of the weight to the left foot.

In single underarm pass, the left foot is twelve to fifteen inches in advance of the right foot, both knees are slightly bent, and the weight is on the right foot. The ball is held at the right side with the right hand behind and under it. The trunk is rotated to the right and slightly

bent forward. In throwing, the ball is carried forward with a snap, and at the same time the

trunk is straightened and rotated to the left. The weight is transferred to the left foot, and the left arm is swung back. See illustration three and four.

Here is a test for your speed in throwing (and, incidentally, in catching, which we are to take up next here on our sports pages). This test may be made with any number of girls, or it may be made by yourself, if you ask your brother or sister or best friend to be your timekeeper and also your "counter." If several of you take the test at once, use a basket ball for each. A throwing line is marked on the ground or the floor eight feet from the wall. The contestants are lined up side by side behind the throwing line and at a signal from the timekeeper each one throws her ball against the wall in such a manner that it will bounce back so that she can catch it. She continues to do this as rapidly as possible until the signal is given to stop. Your score will be the number of times you bounce the ball against the wall in the thirty seconds given by the timekeeper.

The score of each contestant is counted by another girl who stands just behind her and counts the number of times the ball strikes the wall. No ball thrown while the contestant is stepping over the line shall be counted. The contestant may step over the line to retrieve a ball but she must get back of the line before throwing if she wishes that score to count. The girls must be lined up with enough distance between them so that they do not interfere with each other in throwing or in recovering the ball. If, after hitting the wall, the ball drops to the floor it should still be counted because the contestant who does this will make a poor score because of her slowness in recovering the ball and will, therefore, be penalized enough in that way. Accurate counting is necessary in keeping the score.

(Continued on page 41)



There's a chill in February air in New Mexico, and winter picnickers are glad of a fire built on the rocks



In sunny Santa Barbara, California, winter means swimming, diving and many other summer sports



Cocoa after a winter hike! What could be more welcome, ask these girls of Jamestown, New York

Gangway! W'r

With sleds and sweaters and winter sports! And whether to b or dive into blue waters in Son

No, this is not a summer picture. It is a winter scene in Sarasota, Florida, with Troop One enjoying a Girl Scout party on the beach



We're Coming

When the weather suits, we're out for
 toboggan on northern hills
 in South, we have jolly fun



When lakes and ponds freeze over in Philadelphia, out come hockey skates, sweaters and woolen scarfs



In East Aurora, New York, they love to ride when the frost snaps the twigs and the snow scrunches under the horses' hoofs (below)

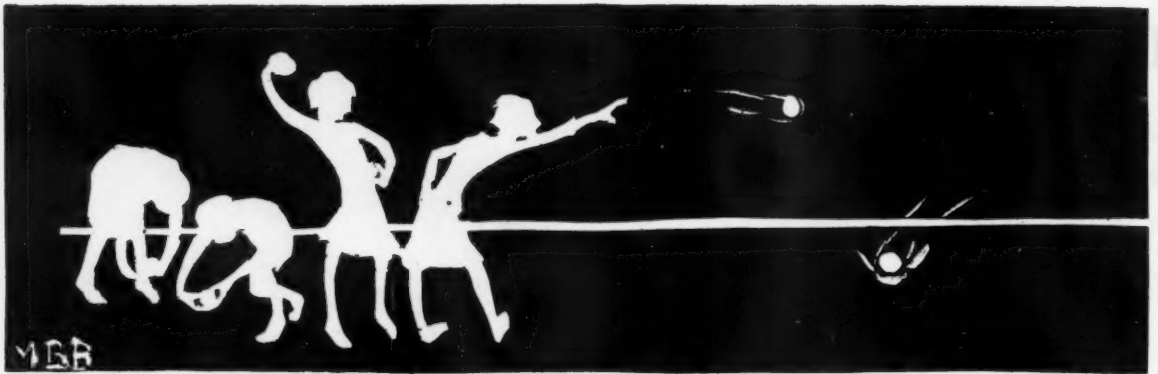


Water for chowder? They break the ice for it when they're camping in winter at Watchung, New Jersey



"Our favorite winter sport? Skiing, of course!" say Tarrytown, New York girls. "It's just like flying"





WHAT troop wants to buy a new flag or some curtains for the troop room? Which one is longing for a little shack in the woods to use for week-end hiking trips? How about that stone fireplace you want to build in the camp dining-hall and that pledge you made for the community Christmas tree next year?

"There are so many things we want to do!" you say. "But they all take money."

Well, why not plan to earn some this year—and have good fun while you're doing it, too. There are hundreds of ways. Some of them have been used before by Girl Scout troops in other places and some, perhaps, are new. But all of them, we're sure, will be effective and will bring silver dimes and quarters rolling into your treasury box.

When you make your plans, don't forget our Girl Scout way of doing when it comes to earning money. We always plan everything with our Captains, you know. We don't sell things from house to house or on the streets. And when we do have a sale, our leaders or other older friends are there to help us. Yes, this is the Girl Scout way of doing and very fine it is. Incidentally, we should tell you that every plan mentioned here was carried out this way. Your Captain will explain all about it to you—ask her.

"Make money while you cook"

Is a good slogan for Girl Scouts

There's no better way to open the purses of people than by offering them

something to eat. Something good, of course, that will make your customers say, "More, please," and that will spread abroad your fame as cooks. It oughtn't to be hard for you to concoct luscious dishes, since you have the cooking pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to guide you. You can bake cookies, as the girls of Troop Three in Germantown, Pennsylvania, did, from a recipe they clipped from the magazine. This troop earned over a hundred dollars for their camp fund, besides taking in enough during the holiday season to help furnish Christmas dinners for a number of poor families.

Paterson, New Jersey, Girl Scouts took orders for cakes from their mothers' friends during the summer months and saved busy housewives the trouble of doing Saturday baking. The New Bedford, Massachusetts, girls helped raise the money for their Girl Scout fund by making and selling lollipops. Pop-corn balls proved friends in need to Troop Thirty-seven of Manhattan.

Sometimes it pays better to do your cooking on a larger scale—instead of

making and selling one article of food, to sell and serve a whole meal. Troop One of Swampscott, Massachusetts, did this when they had their cafeteria supper in connection with a fair. They cleared over a hundred and thirty-five dollars at the supper and fed a hundred and twenty-nine people. Their menu consisted of cold boiled ham, beef loaf with tomato sauce, creamed potatoes, green peas, banana fritters with fruit sauce, hot rolls with butter, baked apples with whipped cream, home-made doughnuts, cheese and coffee. With the exception of the meat and potatoes—which were sold together—nearly everything cost five cents. Some of the food was donated, but most of it was bought by the troop.

Why not griddle cakes for tea Or a May breakfast?

"Do the people of your town like griddle-cakes?" writes Mollie F. Baxter of Troop One of Plainfield, Connecticut. "Then why not earn money by serving them for tea, all running over with real maple syrup? A griddle-cake tea is unusual enough to attract attention, and, on a cool day, no one could pass by the door and smell the frying cakes without wanting to have some. They aren't hard to make and will bring in a good profit."

"A real Southern atmosphere could be built up by advertising the tea with posters showing a dark and laughing Aunt Jemima, and the waitresses could wear bright kerchiefs and bandannas to carry out the plantation idea."

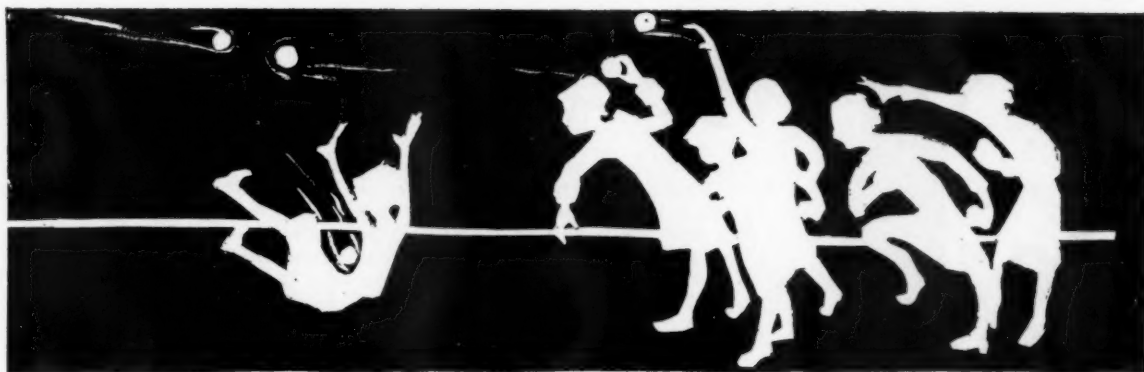
You all probably have your favorite pancake recipe, but in case you shouldn't, here is one:

3 cups flour	1 egg
¼ cup of sugar	2 cups milk
1¼ teaspoon	2 tablespoons
baking powder	melted butter
	1 teaspoonful salt

Mix the dry ingredients and sift them. Add milk to the well-beaten egg and



Lovely rustic candlesticks and other things made in camp and at home during the summer months were sold by these Girl Scouts of Cedar Hill, Massachusetts, at their harvest festival



It Ourselves"

fingers are skilful and your brain active?—here to swell their treasuries for their many needs

pour into the dry mixture. Then beat well and add the melted butter. Pour batter from a small pitcher onto a hot greased griddle. This amount makes about sixteen cakes.

Of course, they must be served very hot, but this could easily be managed if four or five of the best cooks—according to the number of patrons—mixed and fried the batter, while the rest of the troop acted as quick and efficient waitresses.

Griddle-cakes are for cooler weather. But when the warm spring days come around, a May breakfast presents itself as a wonderful means of making money for your troop. The Girl Scouts of Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, gave a breakfast on the first day of May and cleared a hundred and ninety dollars. Your troop might try their plan.

Be sure to advertise the event well beforehand. Gay posters, put in shop windows and giving the time, place and cost of the breakfast should be distributed. The breakfast itself could be held in a vacant store on the Main Street of your town—owners are often surprisingly willing to lend their property for such things—or in some church or hall, or in the high school gymnasium.

Early spring flowers should be used to decorate the breakfast-room and the tables, and the waitresses should look as crisp and springlike as possible in white. All the cooking, of course, should be done by Girl Scouts, each cook being responsible for the item on the menu that she knows best how to make.

As for the menu—there are many variations possible. Fruit, cereal with cream, eggs and bacon, hot muffins and coffee would taste good, or fruit, waffles and sausages, toast and coffee. Perhaps you would like to give a real New Eng-



Mother Goose visits the Eagle Pass, "Story-Book Ball" down in Texas

land breakfast with baked beans and doughnuts on the bill-of-fare, or serve that good old stand-by, ham and eggs.

Speaking of baked beans, the Lincoln, Nebraska, Girl Scouts baked them in a hole—as many as thirty or forty quarts every Saturday—and sold them with great success. Before long, they had enough money to build an oven, and added brown bread to their stock. Later they made little plum puddings and sold them around Christmas time.

Somebody in your troop, of course, will know how to bake beans in a hole. Experiment a while before you announce your wares for sale, so that you can be sure of selling the most luscious baked beans possible. Then advertise and get your orders and watch the money roll into your treasury! It is great fun!

Flowers are saleable

If they are marketed well

"The flowers that bloom in the spring"—these furnish another means of earning money for the troop fund. A Saturday

morning spent in the woods gathering the first violets can be made most profitable if the blossoms are attractively arranged in baskets or in little bouquets and sold at a flower-stand. Later on, daisies and buttercups and goldenrod may be sold in the same way.

Sometimes, if someone in town is giving a tea or a luncheon or a bridge party, Girl Scouts can secure the contract for the decorations and can arrange as well as sell the flowers.

If you have flower gardens of your own, you can easily sell your tulips and daffodils and marguerites around Easter-time as the Girl Scouts of Hartsdale, New York, did at their Flower Market. And all through the summer, if you have your booth on an automobile highway, passing motorists will be glad to buy fresh roses and asters and gladioli.

In Boston, one year, the girls bought flowers at wholesale rates and sold them in the Girl Scout shop. Notices of the sale were sent out to a mailing list of over five hundred people.

In Texas and in Oregon, Girl Scouts have made money by gathering the seeds of the wildflowers that grow in the woods and fields, sorting them into little envelopes and selling them by mail to people in other states. This is a fine idea, as it helps to spread the wildflowers that grow in different parts of the country.

Fairs and bazaars

Why not have one sometime?

A Utility Sale, held by the Girl Scouts of Glens Falls, New York, brought money into the treasury, and supplied many useful articles for the housewives

(Continued on page 35)



It was at a Robin Hood festival in Ithaca, New York, that these jolly vendors in black and white costumes with bright colored trays sold tarts and sandwiches, but the idea might be copied



On a bleak fall afternoon this squirrel was snapped on a bare tree-branch by Dorothy Sheehan of Chicago, Illinois

Doughnuts—A Cat

When it comes to queer names for cats "Doughnuts" certainly is an odd one, but it doesn't seem to bother our cat in the least. She goes on playing and sleeping as unconcerned as though there were no long name attached to her waving tail.

She looks like a tiger and some people think that she should have been named that but the people whom we got her from called her brother "Gingerbread" and so, perhaps, they wanted them both named after pastry. However, she has a great deal of brown and yellow on her, which probably accounts for the suggestive resemblance. She has a white front remarkably like a white shirt front. Her paws are also white at the tips. The white on her chest extends on down quite a distance and then the black and brown begins, thus completing her costume. The outstanding feature of her face is a black stripe that begins on her forehead and extends on down her dainty nose.

Doughnuts belongs to my Grandmother but I am over there very often and she knows me whenever I go there. She will jump into my lap if I sit quietly, but as soon as I begin to tease her she removes herself immediately. Like all other cats, she likes to play with yarn and spools, but the fringe on a shawl or anything you dangle before her interests her more. This winter she had six legs. No, she is not a freak. There were her own four legs and two rabbit's feet, which we tied on a string (I mean the rabbit's feet, not hers). She dragged them all over the house. A celluloid blue jay, hanging on the shade-ring, caught her eye, and we had to take it down because we wanted to teach her not to catch birds.

One of her cutest tricks is done when no one is watching. We did not know

she did it until one day I discovered her up on the drain board. One of the faucets is loose and can be turned easily. She would reach across and tap it until the water came out and then would stick her tiny paw under it and get it wet.

HELEN LOUISE BROWN
Indianapolis, Indiana

In Defense of my Goldfish

The other day Martha said, "Are you going to write about a goldfish? A goldfish isn't interesting and there's nothing to say about it, anyway."—"But I think there is," I replied, and I do think so.

The Christmas before last I received two little fish. There was a red ribbon around the bowl and the fish looked very happy. They were both all gold but one was a little bigger than the other and he took advantage of that, too.

Whenever I feed them the big fish will chase the little one. I can just hear the big bully saying to himself, "What right has that little thing to be in my bowl. I'll get him out of here, too, right away."

One day the big fish chased the other one, bit off his tail and made his head bleed a little. Little fishy wouldn't stand it and he jumped out of the bowl onto the middle of the floor. His tail soon grew back, however, but after that he wouldn't let himself be chased.

I will give anyone two guesses as to where I put my fish when I clean the bowl. Well, they go in the bathtub and have a jolly time. But the jolliest time comes when I feed them twice a week. They know when it's feeding time and come up to my finger for food.

I don't put greens in the bowl as the fish eat them all up and they don't seem to need them, anyway.

Fish aren't interesting, are they?

BETTY CURRY
Troop Twenty-six,
Jackson Heights, New York

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder"

This page is written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in india ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your nature photographs. Give your name, age, and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted the Beholder will award a book

Midge, Our Dog

Here is a story about another Midge. We think she is quite clever enough to be worthy of the name of our famous boarding-school heroine.

Midge is just a five months old dog of no particular breed, but she is very cunning.

We were taking care of our baby cousin and Midge liked her quite well. One day when Mother was downstairs she had to stop and sit Jean (the baby) up because the baby is too young to help herself much. Midge noticed Mother did this every time the baby fell over.

Mother then had to go upstairs to make beds. After a while Midge came up and went to Mother and whined; then went to the stairway several times, so Mother decided to follow her.

Midge led her directly to the baby who was lying down. Mother sat her up so she could play while the puppy went to a corner to lie down, satisfied the baby was comfortable.

E. MARIAN TOBY
Troop One, East Lansing, Michigan

Along the Nature Trail

Have you started your Nature Trail Book for 1928? Is your patrol excited about the quest adventures? We know you must be, for we have had so many letters telling us all about the fun that it would be too bad for your patrol not to be in it.

What kind of tree did you choose? Our whole patrol chose a Ginkgo tree. Some of you may not know this tree; it is a native of Japan and China and has been planted on the boulevards of New York City because its roots and branches need very little room to grow. Raise your arms to your shoulders and bend them at the elbow towards your head. That is just the way the branches (Continued on page 45)



These friendly pets belong to Barbara Barnhart of Troop One, Chula Vista, California



in FLEXIBLE SHOES

WHETHER you live among the pines of Maine or in California where giant sequoias tower, you can follow the health trail every day. Even though your steps fall upon city pavements the health trail stretches out before you. For by walking correctly in proper shoes, a Girl Scout will build better health. She will acquire a grace of carriage and a suppleness of figure that will make her, a few years hence, a popular dancing partner at college proms.

You cannot walk gracefully and tirelessly if your shoes are rigid and uncomfortable. Your feet are flexible and need shoes that will harmonize with their action. Change to Cantilever Shoes and see what a difference flexible arches can make. These comfortable shoes work

with your feet instead of against them. Walking is easier. Circulation is free. Arch muscles exercise and strengthen with every step.

Cantilever Shoes are shaped exactly as Nature shaped your feet. That is why Cantilevers fit so beautifully and keep their shape. Toes have room. Heels are snugly fitted. You are in style. For Cantilever Shoes are smart as well as comfortable.

At your local Cantilever Agency, you will find pretty pumps and swanky oxfords. Look in your phone book under Cantilever for the address and if it isn't there, the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, New York, will be glad to advise you where to buy Cantilever Shoes.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN . . . WOMEN . . . GIRLS

Upstairs, Downstairs

(Continued from page 9)

"No, no harm in that!" echoed her mother, glancing through the open door at the slim, drooping figure. If only Carlisle could be satisfied at home, could spread some of the sweets of her gayety over the monotonous bread and butter of family life!

That evening with rather a self-conscious air, Carlisle, catalogue in hand, approached her father's easy-chair. He listened patiently for he, too, loved his young only daughter tenderly. But after she had presented her plea to go away, had shown him the advantages Harwood Hall could offer, how comparatively inexpensive it was, he shook his head.

"Carlisle dear, what would Mother do without you?"

Carlisle looked across the porch at her mother, patiently darning socks beneath an electric lamp.

"Why, just what Margaret Dale's mother does without her, what Mr. Evans does without Kitty—get along without me!"

Mr. Martin shook his head. "But who would help Mother, and ease off some of the heavy load of housework she is carrying?"

Carlisle flushed a deep crimson. "But that's just it," she burst out. "Why should I have to give up this best time of my life to help Mother?" Mr. Martin's keen eyes, however, saw that there was no disrespect in her face, though her young voice was rather bitter. "Now is the time when I ought to be learning things—not just housework! Why can't you get Mother a maid? Other people have maids."

Mr. Martin shook his head again, regretfully. "Can't afford it, Carrie," he said in a rueful tone. "Not in this day of eighty or ninety dollar maids! It would be utterly impossible for me to afford an item like that!"

And Carlisle went, heavy-hearted, to bed. She had noticed that her mother had not said a word, had not helped her to persuade her father at all, and she told herself sullenly that her mother did not care! That was the trouble, thought Carlisle bitterly. Nobody seemed to care!

The days drifted by, one exactly like another in its heat and its monotony. The routine of housework, even the routine of pleasure—one evening at the movies, one afternoon at the Van Hattons' elaborate garden party, another afternoon helping Mrs. Noble, the neighbor next door, serve the chicken salad and the melting ice cream and the sticky chocolate cake to her fellow members of the Titania Literary Club—all were utterly alike, it seemed to the discontented girl. There were no dances for Carlisle, now that the high school had closed for summer vacation, for Mr. Martin could not afford to belong to the country club and she was not asked by anyone else. Many times she saw the Evans' roadster speed past, the Dales' big car following headlong, full of laughing young people. She did not know that Kitty and Margaret had tacitly agreed to drop her from the crowd.

Sometimes, she felt she could scream at the unvarying monotony of it, and she wondered desperately what secret for happiness her mother possessed which kept her so good-humoredly darning boys' socks, making johnny-cake because Dad liked it, eternally picking up after Bobbie, after Quin, even after Carlisle herself.

Then one day, Carlisle found that life could be kind after all; that the long, arid stretches of monotony were apt to have garden spots spring up unexpectedly. Mrs. Martin came quietly into her daughter's room one morning soon after the postman's shrill whistle had been heard.

"Carrie dear," she said simply, "I've sold that lot out near Highland Park that Granddad left me. You are going to Harwood Hall this September. I want you to be happy, little daughter. I want you to feel that Mother does understand and love you more than—"

Mrs. Martin's voice broke momentarily. Carlisle half realized the sacrifice her mother was

lously upon the thin, scholarly face of her grandfather's lawyer and lifelong friend.

"My grandfather was worth as much as that? And he left me all?" she asked clearly.

The lawyer nodded. "Practically all," he answered. "Over one and a half million. A big sum of money for a small girl." He smiled down at her. She did, indeed, look very young and very small in her black dress, seated in a huge armchair.

But Renée drew herself up. "I'm not such a small girl any more," she told him, with raised eyebrows. "I am almost fifteen, Mr. Chartres."

The group of older people smiled at each other. Renée's cousin, Mrs. Maynard, leaned forward and touched her shoulder.

"Mr. Chartres says that I am to take care of you," she said brightly. "You are to come and live with me in Denver. Won't that be nice?" And she beamed upon the girl.

Renée, however, looked at her in silence. She did not agree with Mrs. Maynard that it would be at all nice. For one absurd reason, Mrs. Maynard was too fat! And Renée did not like fat people—perhaps the contrast with her little thin self was too great. For another, Mrs. Maynard had a large family, three or four fat boys and two very uninteresting daughters with whom Renée, upon one of her flying trips across the continent with her grandfather, had not been impressed. But how could she tell Mrs. Maynard that? She shrugged her shoulders wearily and moved her gaze to Mr. Chartres' fine countenance. He smiled at her kindly before he gathered up his papers.

"Now, my dear, if there is anything I can do for you, just let me know," he said. He got to his feet and looked slowly around him. What a wonderful place it was, this D'Auberville mansion, with its great drawing rooms, its wide, air-swept halls, its high ceilings and French windows through which could be seen the iron railings of the balconies that were everywhere! Now the blinds were drawn to shut out the hot, southern sunshine; but there was a soft, green light that allowed Mr. Chartres to peer across the library at the big oil painting of old Colonel D'Auberville hanging over the mantle, at the other portrait of his stately wife, Madame D'Auberville, and the smaller painting of his son, Renée's father. There was none of Renée's mother. It was obvious that she had not counted much in the lives of those aristocratic, autocratic old people, that she had counted only in the life of their son, Pierre, and then but a pathetically short time.

Renée, however, by some queer trick of fate, looked like her grandfather, though of course she did not possess the white hair, the fierce white mustache and goatee that showed in his portrait. She had, though, the same black eyes, the high cheek bones and straight nose and thin lips of the D'Aubervilles and doubt-



making in spending in this way the little money she had. "I want you to feel that Mother loves you more than anything—not any one, dear, for there are the boys and Dad; but more than any mere thing in the world—including the money Granddad left." She hesitated. "I've asked Cousin Nellie to spend the winter with me," she went on, after a brief pause. "She will help with the housework and the boys, so that Dad will feel that you can be spared. I have already spoken to him about it."

"Oh, Mother!" was all that Carlisle could say.

But long after her mother had stolen away, she stood looking silently, entranced before her, not seeing the mirror she was polishing, not seeing the ecstatic face staring back at her, seeing instead a great dining hall, seeing herself slipping into her place at the dinner table with a shy greeting to the dignified teacher in charge. Mother had understood after all; Mother had arranged it! She was really, truly going away to Harwood Hall! It seemed almost impossible for her to believe it.

CHAPTER II

Another Girl for Harwood Hall

Renée looked at the faces around her, then her eyes fixed themselves incred-

They saw Paris and London Bridge, those delegates to the International Camp last year—

less, thought Mr. Chartres whimsically, the temper which descended from generation to generation of that family. The old lawyer hoped, with an inward sigh, that the girl would prove docile. It had been so fortunate that Mrs. Maynard had offered her a home! Really very fortunate! His manner showed none of these thoughts, however, as he bowed himself and his clerk out of the room and the house.

When the various distant relatives—people whom Renée had never seen, who had appeared out of another world, as it were, for the reading of her grandfather's will and, satisfied with their various bequests, were now congratulating Renée solemnly and unenviously—were departing, the girl drew a long breath and turned to Mrs. Maynard, who alone remained.

"Now," she said, running over to a victrola which stood, all too modern, in a corner of the beautiful, old room, "now let's have some music! I feel stifled!"

"Oh, no, no, Renée!" Mrs. Maynard's voice was properly horrified. "Your grandfather's funeral was only yesterday!"

"But yes!" insisted Renée. She snapped a record onto the music disk, started it twirling tempestuously. "Grandfather would be the first to tell me to enjoy myself after this dreadful day!"

Then, as a wild Hungarian waltz pealed forth from the machine, she threw herself into the dance. Faster and faster played the music, faster and ever faster flew her slim figure, sliding, gliding, whirling, arms now tossed wildly above her head, now drooping listlessly from her shoulders, yet always the poignant music's true interpretation in Renée's motions. For all her disapproval, Mrs. Maynard gaped in fascination at the amazing grace of that flying figure, while beyond, beneath the wide arches, drawn like bees by honey, gathered groups of colored house-servants, their delighted grins and rolling eyes showing the pleasure that became vociferous applause when the music stopped and Renée dropped breathlessly into the nearest chair.

"Dat-a-way, honey!" "Doan yo' evah fo'get youah dancin', Miss Renée!" "My lan'—yo' shuah good dancin', li'l missy!" "Kin yo' do hit agin, honey?"

But at that Renée jumped to her feet, became, too quickly for Mrs. Maynard's dull perception to grasp at once, the young mistress of the D'Auberville mansion.

"I won't do it again! Go back to your work, Sam! And you, too, Marie! I didn't call any of you! Go—do you-all heah me!"

A stamp of her feet sent them scattering into the halls. When she was alone with Mrs. Maynard, Renée walked slowly over to look up at her grandfather's portrait, sudden tears in her eyes.

"That wasn't nice of me, Granddad," she apologized, almost as though he were alive there before her. "Death's such—such—a dreadful thing, isn't it!" She turned away, stared uncertainly at Mrs. Maynard, as though for sympathy, like

a very little child. But she got none.

"Death is too solemn a thing to be treated so lightly, Renée," returned Mrs. Maynard pompously, missing the look in the girl's eyes. "I wonder," she went on after a suitable pause, during which Renée moved restlessly about the room, "I wonder if dinner is nearly ready! I do hope," she finished anxiously, "they have it a little earlier than they did last night. I fear the housekeeper is lax. I do like my dinner early!"

Beside the window, staring out into the garden, Renée suddenly clenched her hands beneath the folds of her black dress. All at once she knew she disliked this fat woman, who was eternally thinking about her stomach. She did not answer. And Mrs. Maynard, gazing at her stubborn little back, grew troubled. The girl, she was beginning to be afraid, was going to be a problem in her little family in Denver. She was queer, moody, like that dancer-mother of hers whom Cousin Pierre had married in France and brought home to his, surprised and indignant parents. But their indignation had soon turned to bitter grief, for a few months after Renée's birth, both her parents had been instantly killed in a runaway accident. Then, a few months later, old Madame D'Auberville had quietly died, and the colonel, bereaved, had turned helplessly to the tiny Renée for company. What wonder, then, that her baby hands had twined themselves so lovingly around his heart, that he had carried her and her colored nurse, Aunt Pinky, all over the world with him in his lonely journeys? That when he had died, he had left his little granddaughter all his wealth?

"That money," thought Mrs. Maynard shrewdly, "will do much!" She had a sudden gratifying vision of her stodgy sons being sent to college on it, with a grateful Renée insisting upon its being used so, of a shabby household being bolstered up on it. So much could be done!

"I really like my dinner in the middle of the day, though it is old-fashioned," continued Mrs. Maynard, complacently unaware of the sharp gaze Renée had now whirled around to bestow upon her. Started upon her favorite subject, she droned on and on.

"And I shall have to hear her, day after day!" thought Renée passionately. "Day after day and year after year! Oh, that I cannot do! I cannot grow to be satisfied if there is chocolate pudding for dinner one day and apple pie for dessert the next. I had rather die or—or run away!" Renée caught her breath. Run away! Why not?

So that is why, when it was long past midnight that night, a little figure stole out from behind the oleanders in the D'Auberville grounds, scuttled down the drive to the great iron gates where she let herself silently out onto a deserted avenue. Silvery moonlight flooded the neighborhood, cut into black shadows the tropic foliage that shielded the privacy of the big mansion.

As for Renée, she did not stop to consider that she was a D'Auberville, that she was doing a thing no D'Auberville had ever done before—running away!

(Continued on page 34)

THOSE

Dainty Curtains

IN YOUR ROOM—

certainly you want to keep them clean and the colors bright.

You can launder them beautifully yourself—with the extra help of Fels-Naptha. Plenty of naptha loosens the dirt, and the suds of good golden soap wash the dirt away—two busy cleaners working together!

Fels-Naptha cleans beautifully in cool, lukewarm or hot water. But, to keep dainty colors brightest, use lukewarm water. Talk this over with your mother and ask her to order Fels-Naptha for you from the grocer's.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Arabella was a romp

She wouldn't be ladylike, and she wouldn't be careful, but she *did* love Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. And her mother knew that they protected Arabella against coughs and colds. Since 1847 this pure, safe candy has been a treat for everybody who likes to stay well.

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

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Art and Craft Supplies

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Tools and Designs. Beads and Loom. Hooked-Rug Outfit and Supplies. Beads, Raffle and All Basket Materials. Artists and China Painting Supplies, Etc. Etc.—Interesting Free Catalogues on Request.

The Jayson Co. Inc., 22 West 49th St., N. Y.

(Incl. 14)

And the girls tell about the whole trip next month in their "Camp Log"

Upstairs, Downstairs

(Continued from page 33)

She was only a frightened, bewildered little person, whose sole desire was to escape a situation which frankness could so easily have changed.

Afar off, some great church bell boomed the hour—two o'clock. Renée shivered with excitement. Never before had she been out and abroad at that hour. She visualized the bedroom she had just quitted, with its canopied bed, its old-rose tapestried furniture. Beyond had been the white tiled bathroom, with everything there as shining as Aunt Pinky could make it.

Aunt Pinky! Renée suddenly stopped short. How could she have gone without saying goodbye to Aunt Pinky! Although her old colored nurse had been asleep in Renée's dressing room, she had forgotten her, had stolen from the bedroom without one parting glance at the faithful, dusky face. But now her alert, young mind told Renée that she would be risking detention should she return to bid Aunt Pinky farewell, that the old woman would do all in her power, as a matter of fact, to prevent Renée's flight.

So off the girl started, trudging mile after mile. Soon her back commenced to ache, the pound of the warm pavements crept into the swing of her walk. Poor little rich girl—she had been cherished into such a fragile sort of person that the tramp into the city exhausted her. Once she had to dodge into the shadow of someone's gateposts while a blue-clad policeman sauntered by, swinging his nightstick. And once a big dog ran barking out at her.

Late—or early—as it was, when all good citizens were supposed to be slumbering, the night life of a great city was stirring. Here and there were bright lights, people were still abroad, and once in awhile Renée, passing an entrance, could hear music and the sound of gay voices inside.

Four o'clock found her wearily trudging up a narrow street of the old French quarter, a street that finally led out into Jackson Square where she crossed to the center to sink down upon the grass and stare at the cathedral, lovely beyond description in the moonlight. But suddenly Renée was snatched out of her contemplation of it rather rudely when she felt a furtive hand plucking at her shoulder. She turned, in disagreeable surprise, to find an evil-looking old woman staring at her—an old woman who must have crept forth from some hidden street nearby.

"Silk, eh?" cackled the old woman in a high, shrill voice, her thin, boney hand seeming to burn into the girl's shoulder as she continued to grasp it.

Renée squirmed indignantly, meditating flight. Then, forlornly, she wondered where she could go. True, she had money in her purse, left intact since that day when her grandfather, a white, still burden, had been carried back into the house he had just quitted for a year's traveling. But now the girl knew that there was no train leaving until morning and that it was better for her to remain

hidden than try to seek shelter in the station waiting-room. At last, however, a pull at her purse made her spring to her feet, facing the old woman.

"What are you trying to do?" demanded Renée furiously.

For answer, the old dame snivelled. "Nothin'," she whined. "Be'ant you-all goin' to he'p a poor, old soul?"

Renée hesitated. She was naturally generous; but the old woman had overstepped her bounds. "No," said the girl firmly. "I am not."

She stopped abruptly, and jumped aside as the old woman, muttering angrily, suddenly raised the umbrella she was using as a cane and, with unsuspected agility, made a lunge at the girl. Then Renée, throwing dignity to the winds, turned and ran, pursued by the hag's shrill tones.

For all her fright and dismay, however, something in Renée thrilled with excitement. Why, this was like a fairy tale! But soon she was overcome by weariness. Somehow, she doubled on her tracks and passed the old French market twice. Shorn of its booths, of its chattering crowds, it was a forlorn spot. But the girl, spying at last a recessed doorway in the market, staggered toward it and sinking down upon the warm doorstep, fell instantly asleep.

She was awakened by the door being opened and a good-humored voice asking her, in French, to move. It was morning, she discovered, and now the marketplace was alive with bustle and excitement. The stands which had stood empty now blossomed forth like giant bouquets with their yellow carrots and red beets, with their redder peppers and the green of corn and spinach.

Passing out of the French quarter once more, she discovered Canal Street thronged with people in the bright sunshine, crowded with honking motor-cars and clanging street cars. She stopped an elderly man to ask him the direction to a railroad station and glancing briefly at her, he told her. But almost immediately she became confused. Absurd as it was, she really was more familiar with the Strand in London, with the boulevards of Paris, the market place at Cairo and the many wharves at Hong Kong than with the streets in her native city.

Renée was just debating the possibility of asking someone else for directions again when, looking up, she saw Mr. Chartres staring at her from her grandfather's car. With an excited gesture, he leaned forward to speak to the chauffeur and, before she knew it, the big machine

had slowed down at the curb and the old lawyer had hopped out and was holding both her little hands in his.

"Dear child!" he said breathlessly. And glancing up sullenly, Renée was surprised to find tears in his faded eyes. "I'm so glad we found you! Your grandfather—how could I be happy knowing I had failed in his trust! You—you were left in my charge—ah, my dear, why did you try to run away?"

Renée, conscience-stricken for the first time, was opening her lips to tell him when an angry voice broke in.

"Yes, tell us, miss, what you mean by running away?" panted Mrs. Maynard, snatching at Renée's arm with pudgy fingers and pinching it as she tried to shove the girl toward the waiting motor car. "What do you mean, I should like to know? A nice night we've spent! If you were my daughter you should have a proper trouncing!"

"But she is not your daughter!" said the old lawyer sharply. He was staring at Mrs. Maynard, all at once, as though he were seeing her for the first time. "Let us get into the car. You—er—look very weary, Mrs. Maynard!"

Something, then, in his suave voice, made Mrs. Maynard conscious of her disheveled appearance. Her fat face, really pale and puffy from fatigue, flushed. But she bit her lips and followed Renée and the lawyer to the car, climbing stiffly in ahead of them when the latter made a courtly bow, full of irony.

"Aunt Pinky missed you almost at once, Renée," explained Mr. Chartres, as they started for home. "We have been searching for you all night long."

Renée, seated between her two elders, stirred restlessly. "Why did you care?" she asked defiantly.

Mr. Chartres was silent. When he spoke, his voice was very husky. "Your—your grandfather was my true friend, Renée," he said, "and I want you to be happy, my child."

"It will not make me happy to live with Mrs. Maynard," blurted out Renée.

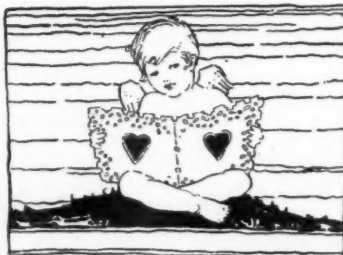
"Well, the ideal!" began that outraged lady.

"I felt that she did not want me for myself!" explained Renée simply, turning to Mr. Chartres.

"But, my child," he said in a puzzled tone, "surely you understood yesterday that it was optional with you, that you were to go with Mrs. Maynard if you liked. Could you not frankly have said that you preferred other plans to be made for you?"

"I did not understand," said Renée. "Other arrangements must be made, of course," said Mr. Chartres musingly. "There are schools. Boarding schools. Especially there is one run by my dear friend, Miss Luval. It is called—let me see—what is its name?—It is called Harwood Hall."

So they're both going to Harwood Hall—temperamental Renée, and Carlisle with her desire for something new and thrilling. What will they find there? Will they like each other? Next month's installment tells.



The great white beast crouched, ready to spring, when suddenly Nylla—

"We Earned It Ourselves"

(Continued from page 29)

of the city. Face cloths and back straps—strips of turkish toweling with rings on the end with which to wash the back—and soap were sold, as well as holders and oven cloths, aprons and clothespin aprons. Kneeling pads, for doing indoor or garden work on the knees proved very popular. Most of the things sold cost very little to make and were reasonably priced.

One girl in St. Louis, Missouri, was skillful at painting place cards and greeting cards. She bought some cards and painted samples from which she took orders, and was so successful in earning money that some other girls in her troop started to do the same thing. It was in St. Louis, too, that the idea of supplying week-end book boxes started. A group of Girl Scouts discovered that book-stores were advertising these book boxes for sale.

"A good idea," declared one of them, "but what about people who can't afford to buy the books. Why can't we get together with our library and supply books, too?"

So the girls held a conference with the local librarian and agreed to assist her in preparing week-end boxes for different tastes and ages. Some were varied so that the whole family, from father to ten-year-old Tommy, could find something in them to enjoy. Others were designed especially for children and others for adults. One woman telephoned and ordered books for a whole week-end party "in case it should rain and we can't go outdoors." The girls assisted the librarian in preparing a box and delivered it to the hostess.

This made many friends for Girl Scouting. One mother whose family had received a week-end box every week during the summer, declared that it was "one of the best services a Girl Scout troop ever rendered."

Why not try it in your town? A small charge may be collected for delivery.

Girl Scout headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts, became a clearing-house for service when it was announced that afternoons and evenings, they would furnish help with housekeeping and sewing

and in various other ways—all to make money for the treasury. Headquarters was responsible for seeing that the work was just the kind a girl could and should do and that the openings were good ones, an important point by the way. Many a tired mother turned her baby over to a girl who had had Girl Scout training in child care, and spent a refreshing afternoon at a friend's house. And many a woman relieved herself of the family darning by paying a girl to do it, who had her Needlewoman's Merit Badge.

Benefit movies and entertainment

Make good profits for the treasury

Often a motion picture theatre will give a percentage of the profits of an afternoon and evening performance to the troop fund, if the girls will sell a certain number of tickets. The Court Theatre did that in DeKalb, Illinois, on two nights, with very satisfactory results.

Plays and entertainments, too, are excellent money earners.

And don't forget

THE AMERICAN GIRLS Earn Your Own Club! Of course you have heard of the many girls and troops who are earning money in our Earn-Your-Own Club. In fact, most of them think there isn't a better way to swell your troop treasury than this. And it helps our magazine, too! Every member of the club secures subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL and earns money on every one she obtains. When a troop earns money this way, they appoint one girl Earn-Your-Own representative and she sends in the subscriptions all the girls get.

Write to Betty Brooks, the secretary, and ask her more about it.

If you have any new ideas

Please let us know

If you have used any unusual methods to earn money, won't you let THE AMERICAN GIRL know? Gladima Scout says she just loves hearing about such things and passing them on to her friends.

A New Kind of Valentine

(Continued from page 21)

She made little stiff covers of paste-board and covered them with the starch paper, and wrote her valentine verse inside on a separate sheet of white paper, tied in with a cord.

"Is it difficult to work with the paper after it has dried?" you may ask.

No. Not if you are careful to let it dry thoroughly before you begin. It will be stiff and shiny after it is dry. In covering an old book, it is better to paste the paper to the old stiff cover, turning over the edges. Then paste a piece of white or light colored paper on the inside. In making a portfolio cover with a card-board foundation, you will want to paste that, too. In all cases be careful not to let the paste soak into the paper designs. It is safer to use glue or rubber cement.



A good health record is worth working for, and wise Girl Scouts will choose as dessert at meal time such sweets as Oatmeal Cookies, Gingerbread, or Sponge Cake. They are all easily and quickly made with Royal, the wholesome Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It always leavens perfectly. Contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.



Free

The Royal Cook Book, containing 350 tested recipes for all kinds of delicious foods, will be sent on request. Mail the coupon below.



The Royal Baking Powder Co.
Dept. 21, 102 East 42nd Street
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Please send me free copy of the Royal Cook Book.

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City State

Read in March what this Malay girl did, in the story, "Moonflower," by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Neysa McMein

(Continued from page 15)

Neysa McMein laughed heartily. "A," she said. "My name was never known to be pronounced correctly or spelled correctly. The worst blunder, though, was made by a man, once, who called me in an interview, 'Mr. Neuter McNeil!'"

It was my turn to laugh now. It was singularly easy to laugh in this room. Again my eyes went on an adventure. Raw sienna, lemon yellow, Chinese red . . . and over in the corner, a gorgeous green. . . My eyes came back to Neysa McMein, well-known artist and illustrator.

And because she was human and very much herself, Miss McMein was the most vivid thing in a vivid room. Two things impressed me: her low-in-the-back hair which tries to be gold and then decides, rather reluctantly, to be plain brown with a sprinkling of gray; and her long slim legs which end, charmingly, in high-heeled slippers. Did I say two things? Three! Big gray eyes.

"Did you study art at an art school?"

"Yes. At the Chicago Art Institute. Not for long—I couldn't afford it. But long enough to get the beginnings."

And she told me the story. Neysa McMein, though at the time she had not adopted her present name, left the Chicago Art Institute to take a position in a millinery house. She needed money. Drawing hats for a millinery house is not art. But it is a type of commercial illustration which may lead somewhere else. And Neysa drew hat shapes. She learned perspective, line, proportion. She learned accuracy. Crowns, brims, trimming—from morning till night she made them into pictures.

"When I drew a hat wrong," said Miss McMein, "I had to draw it over again. That's the only way you can learn to draw good hats. That's the only way you can learn to draw anything."

A large Persian cat leaped into her lap, snuggled its head under Miss McMein's chin and purred so boisterously that I could hear the rumble six feet away. She patted the shaggy fur and went on talking:

"And then I took to the stage. It was stock. I came to New York, played awhile and got out."

"But why did you get out? You liked the stage, didn't you?"

The answer was in the true McMein manner. It was short, colloquial and to the point. "I was no good," she said.

And that, incidentally, is a strong piece in Neysa McMein's armor. She is honest in her self-criticism. She hasn't a single illusion about Neysa McMein. When she is experimenting in her work and finds that she cannot do a thing well, she admits it, and either gives it up or sets to work to improve her technique.

"But get this straight," she said, and smiled a little at her prominence as a magazine-cover artist and a painter of portraits. "I'm not in any sense contributing to contemporary art. I didn't study long enough. I don't know the fundamentals. That's why I'm stumped every now and then and have to work my fin-

gers off in getting a good likeness."

The rest of her story came quickly. When she left the stock company, she resumed her commercial art. She painted pastels for magazine covers, in New York City because more magazines are published there than in any other city in our country. And she went from art editor to art editor selling her wares.

"It took a lot of shoe leather and a lot of time. But I must say I like editors! Why shouldn't I? They bought my pictures then, they buy my pictures now. Of course, perhaps I was so persistent that they became exhausted and took my stuff to get rid of me!"

Perhaps. But I was not convinced. I knew that despite her joking, Neysa McMein has not got to her present place through casual chance. Things don't happen that way. Eventually the talented win recognition and the half-talented drop back. But she has studied hard.

And she will continue to study hard and to work hard as long as she paints. Because she has had special talent, she has been recognized. But the talent has not done away with the necessity for study and work. Neysa McMein believes that an artist has no right to a temperament, nor to coddling; that she should learn to work anywhere, any time. She herself has, furthermore, excellent health and a willingness to take infinite pains with her work.

"But I am not a real artist," she declared again. "I belong to those whose artistic ability is turned to the producing of something which is wanted by the public and so is immediately salable."

I knew what she meant. She was thinking of such artists as Cecilia Beaux, an eminent contemporary painter, who has already had an exhibition of her work in the Metropolitan Museum. She was thinking of those artists whose pictures will live for generations, who have painted the great pictures of the world. Such artists wish to express a spiritual thing, an ideal through their work, painting solely for the purpose of catching on their canvas some intangible beauty.

"I didn't study long enough even to try to paint in a great way," said Miss McMein. "There is nothing to take the place of study—study—study if you wish to be an artist."

I spoke of girls who like to draw and paint and who wish to become artists. She was interested at once. "The best thing you can do is to enter a good art school," she said. "A good art school. A place like the Chicago Art Institute is always glad to tell you which schools are good and where they are. Such a school takes money, but it's worth it. It does two things for you. It trains what ability you have—and you may have a

great deal—and it helps you find just where in the field of art you will fit in.

"If, when you get out, you want to go on with real painting"—and once more I knew what Neysa McMein meant by that—"you must make up your mind that you have years and years and years of work ahead of you, painting and painting and painting. You may get recognition quickly. You probably won't. Most artists don't. And while you are working, you will have to eat. So, to support yourself, you may take on a certain amount of commercial work such as illustrating magazine stories or books, or drawings for advertisements.

"If, on the other hand, you decide to be a commercial artist, there are any number of places that use commercial art. Beside magazine and book illustration, there are the fashion concerns that must have artists to draw their style designs, wallpaper manufacturers who want to have wallpaper designs made, textile manufacturers and many others.

"Sometimes artists are on the regular paid staffs of these concerns. Sometimes they work as what are called 'free lance' artists, which means they don't get a salary and don't have a steady position. They go from concern to concern, obtaining what commissions they can. It is uncertain, but many artists prefer it because of its variety.

"But don't forget," she concluded with a laugh, "to be a good saleswoman. The time I have spent studying out just what would fit into this magazine or that—and then going and telling them so! I believe it's what teachers of salesmanship call attracting the attention, arousing the interest, creating the desire and closing the sale. Well, whatever it is, I like to do it.

"Yes, I went into illustrating to support myself, and I have. But remember this—I enjoy illustrating. I have never been sorry I started doing it. And it hasn't all been easy, either.

"But it's better now than it ever has been. All the advertising that is being done means more commercial art work. And more commercial art means that artists can earn a living with their particular ability.

"There are other things that I'd like to try," she went on, after a pause. "Music, for instance."

So that was the explanation of the many musical instruments in her studio!

"But since I can't earn my living by it, I make it my hobby."

She is a happy person. She delights in her studio, her Persian angora, her orgy of brilliant paints, her two pianos—and in her baby and her husband. When I put the question to her, she assured me that the husband and young daughter in no way interfere with her painting.

"Oh, she's lovely!" said the mother. Then—"I am going to buy her a new doll this afternoon," she told me.



This story of Neysa McMein is taken from "Girls Who Did" written by Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

Of course you will want to read "The American Girl's" first Made-to-Order story!

Young George

(Continued from page 17)

"How come?"

"Dat black Tundahbolt he done turn white wid runnin'. Yas'um. An' bymeby we starts home; an' Marse Lawd Fahfax, he come along ridin' he new huntah, de big bay. An' dey's talkin' 'bout how rus'luss Marse Gawge done feel an' 'bout how Marse Gawge he gwine cure dat rus'lussness, coz he gwine yassahway de state. An' Ise gwine help him."

"Yassahway de state?" Daddy repeats. "What's dat?"

"Talk langwidge, boy!" Mammy admonishes. Her eye travels to the stout hickory rod against the wall within reach of her chair. "If yo' wants to be smaht, I kin make yo' a heap smahter'n yo' wants!"

"Dat's langwidge, Mammy!" Racey protests fervently. "Tain't cullud folks' langwidge. Dat's white folks' langwidge. Dat's quality talk. Yo' don't neber hear no quality talk, only when I talks it, coz yo' ain't neber roun' de quality folks. Yo' oughter be p'oud yo' got a boy dat kin talk so big yo' don't know what he done say! Marse Gawge 'n me, we gwine take a trip. We's gwine yassahway de state. An' I ain't gwine 'splain nothin' mo' to folks what don't un'erstan' quality talk!"

Mammy swoops forward with surprising agility, considering her size, and seizes her son by the coat collar. With a swoop of the other arm she possesses herself of the hickory.

"Black boy, yo' ain' done nothin' but lie an' shame de Lawd sence yo' stahsted dat rus'luss foolishness. Yo' talks quality to yo' Mammy, huh? Mammy's gwine talk hick'ry to yo', boy. She gwine talk a heap o' hick'ry!"

But before she has said more than three or four maternal words in hickory, Racey, the gymnast, has wriggled his arms free of his sleeves and dashed away, leaving his coat in his disappointed Mammy's hand. His receding yells indicate the direction of the stables. Racey will spend the night in the hay, as he often has before.

"Wait twell dat boy come roun' in de mawnin' to git he coat," says Mammy, ominously. "He gwine fin' hick'ry in all de seams. An' de coat-tails gwine be full of it!"

"Diff'unce 'tween quality talk an' hick'ry talk is dat, while hick'ry don't say no *wo'ds*, yo' know what it mean." Daddy knocks the ashes out of his pipe and goes indoors. Mammy follows.

At the same hour, while Racey Hurricane is being misjudged by his parents, George, with elder brother Lawrence, and Lord Fairfax are discussing the "restless cure" which his lordship has suggested to the boy.

"I shan't oppose the idea any more, since George's heart is set on it," says Lawrence. "Though perhaps you honor this youth's abilities too highly, Lord Fairfax, in trusting him to survey your estate."

"I think not, Mr. Washington." There are pride and affection in the older man's eyes, as he looks at the boy. The friend-

(Continued on page 42)



A fortune for a valentine

THE "masked gypsy" fortune teller was easily the most popular feature of Ann Lindsey's valentine party. "Who *can* she be?" asked everyone who caught a glimpse of her, "and isn't she good-looking?"

Inside the gay-hued tent, Nance Caldwell was the first of a breathless quartette to cross the gypsy's palm with silver.

"Make your wish, milady, but do not speak it," said an attractive voice.

"I'm afraid that's the only way it will ever come true!" laughed Nancy. "I'd like my face to be my fortune—we all would. So give us the secret of *your* fortune for our valentine, fair gypsy! Tell us your beauty recipe, do!"

"Gracious, how flattering!" laughed the gypsy, in her confusion forgetting all about the Romany accent. "I'm so glad you think I have such a recipe . . . But, as it happens, I've been following four rules for a year, and I'll gladly tell you about *them*. 'Plenty of sleep, regular exercise in the open air, nothing but sensible food at sensible hours, and no artificial stimulants.' I started 'training' a year ago, when I was ill half the time and *so* unattractive it kept me awake nights—"

"Unattractive — *you*?" cried everyone.

Blushing, laughing, the gypsy pulled off her mask. After a startled moment Nance said doubtfully, "Lois Laurent!"

The next moment everyone was talking at once. "Why didn't Ann tell us

you were coming, Lois?" "It seems years since we've seen you—is it only twelve months?"

"Aha!" said Lois gleefully. "In view of the fact that you nearly didn't know me, you'll have to admit that my health recipe is a really truly valentine."

"I'll say it is!" said Nance, "and what's more, with you around, Lois, we'll have to use it to keep up. What do you say, girls?" And the ayes were unanimous.

Wouldn't YOU like to try the gypsy's way to beauty?

Lois' example proves that perfect features aren't necessary for good looks. Sparkling eyes and a lovely clear complexion will make any girl attractive. And those are gained by following the gypsy's simple rules!

One thing that helped Lois to follow the rule, "no artificial stimulants," was her choice of Postum-made-with-hot-milk as a mealtime drink, instead of harmful caffeine beverages. Postum is simply whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and skilfully roasted, and when it is made with hot (not boiled) milk instead of the usual boiling water, it makes a drink that is simply *delicious*, and that is very, very good for you too.

A thirty-day test of Postum showed Lois how much she liked this drink. We'll start you off on the same test, if you want, with a week's supply of Instant Postum. Just fill in the coupon below, and mail it *now*.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—A.G. 2-28
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)

Name:

Street:

City: State:

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

It will be in the April issue and it is written by—yes, Augusta Huiell Seaman



In Athletics

speed today counts
more than brawn

IN almost every branch of athletics brawn and weight are yielding to brain and speed.

That is, why women champions everywhere are realizing more and more the value of Keds as an aid to winning games. For Keds develop the fast, sure footwork so essential to present day athletics.

Even in fastest action Keds' soles grip surely on ground or floor. They are of the springiest rubber, strong and sure-gripping—yet not heavy on your feet.

Keds' uppers are light, too. But they're strongly-built to protect your ankles and foot muscles against sudden twists and sprains. And the special Feltex innersole gives comfort every minute Keds are on your feet.

And Keds wear! Dollar for dollar they give you the best values you can buy in sports footwear.

Keds come in all popular styles at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Ask for them by name. *And be sure the name Keds is on the shoe.* That is your guarantee of getting genuine Keds value. Keds are made only by the

United States Rubber Company

THE "METEOR"
The special Keds
basketball shoe
for women. Light,
sure-gripping
and good-looking



They are not **Keds** unless
the name **Keds** is on the shoe



From "Alice in Jungland"

Tales of Young Travelers

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

THERE is by this time a considerable company of young travelers writing their experiences not only in the more frequented parts of Europe, but in the wilder spaces of the earth as well. David Binney Putnam has been to the North Pole, or at least near enough to it for practical purposes—he must have been quite cold enough where he was to get the full idea. He has gone with William Beebe's Arcturus Expedition to far islands of the Pacific in *David Goes Voyaging* (Putnam) and now, in *David Goes to Baffin Land* (Putnam), he this year reports in his own boyish fashion upon the remote regions of Fox Basin, where white men had never before set foot. Deric Nusbaum is another of these boys who writes under the auspices of the house of Putnam. Thousands of boys gobbled up his adventures in *Deric in Mesa Verde* and they will again in *Deric with the Indians* (Putnam) which concerns his diggings in prehistoric ruins. Robert North is the writer and hero of *Bob North Starts Exploring* (Putnam)—this boy is eleven!—and now the book I like best of the lot has just appeared, *Among the Alps with Bradford* (Putnam). In it Bradford Washburn, still in his teens, explains just how he negotiates the more perilous peaks of the high Alps, with ropes and pickaxes and the rest of the devices to stave off sudden death.

So far no little girl has been in this group, but at last one has appeared. When Mary Hastings Bradley wrote *On the Gorilla Trail* (Appleton), she told, along with her own adventures in Africa, something of the part played in the expedition by her lovely golden-haired daughter, who was taken along when she was five years old to journey through the cannibal country. Now appears a story from real life which, if not exactly written by Alice herself, is illustrated by her with spirited and amusing drawings, and gives all its attention to telling how this strange new world impressed the little girl, and how, in return, she made a most remarkable impression upon the savages with whom she was so continually surrounded. The very frontispiece is fascinating—

can you imagine a little girl riding upon a real baby elephant about the size of those you see performing by clockwork in the center of a toy-shop's Christmas window display? I danced through the book. It is so amusing—full of stories like the one about Alice's refusing to stop hugging the dogs because they were full of fleas, and saying, when told that she would get them too, "Oh, Mummy, it's worth it!" You can see that Alice has the right idea about animals. And I like the story of Alice back at home and in school, telling the other children that her mother has slept in the crater of a volcano! They declared this was impossible:

For, of course, no one's Mummy ever spent a night in a crater. A volcano was something in a book, to study about. It didn't happen, not in real life. Of course not. At least not in *your* real life.

But all the time, over there in the heart of Africa, Mt. Nyamagira was blazing away, pouring up into the air its dangerous, beautiful fire.

The whole book leaves with you the realization that over in Africa all sorts of wonderful things are at this very moment actually "blazing away." It is called *Alice in Jungland* (Appleton).

The New Year starts beautifully with the "annuals" coming in a little flock. I suppose I should, out of courtesy to the organization, begin with *The Boy Scouts Year Book* (Appleton), even if it is a volume in which girls are conspicuously absent. It is a strenuous book, full of action stories, inside information on sports, animal pets, woodcraft and how-to-do-things, some splendid articles about camping out and hiking by Dan Beard, and a story by Rudyard Kipling. I should have liked this book when I was a girl, but then I was brought up with boys. The English Scout book is here too, the annual of the Girl Guides,

a large volume with an uncommonly pretty jacket, called *The First Trail* (Appleton). Some of the great names of present-day literature are among the contributors, and every one seems to be on his mettle: Rudyard Kipling and Walter de la Mare have poems



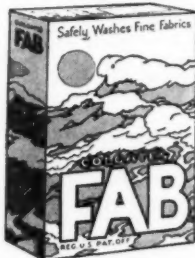
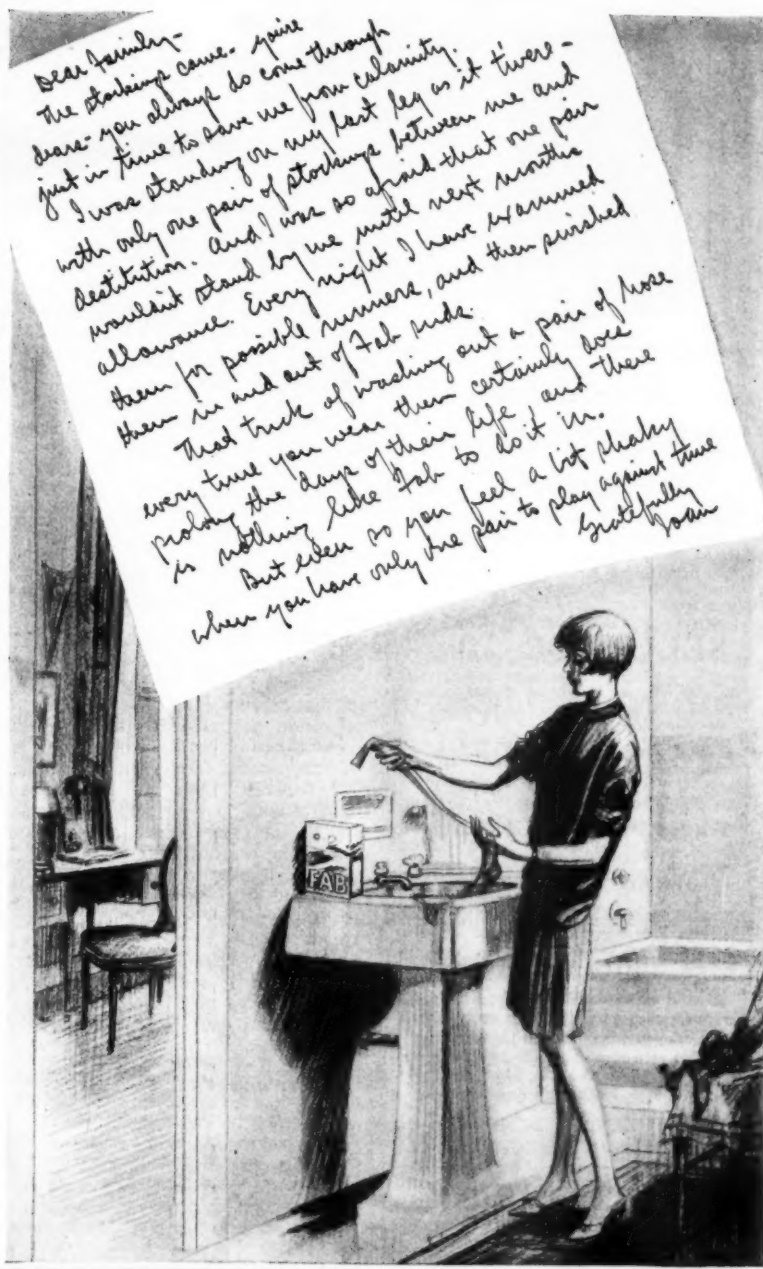
Wouldn't you love to go abroad? Well, the March International Issue is almost as much fun

as beautiful as any that they have given the world in recent years, Hugh Chesterman has one of his drolleries, Ernest Thompson Seton a long story about a cub, Dorothy Stuart, author of *The Boy Through the Ages*, has a song such as an Eton boy sang centuries ago, and there are a number of good stories by favorite writers for English young people, most of the best of them historical in character. The frontispiece is a colored photograph of Princess Mary, wearing the Girl Guide uniform.

Now I must come at once to the books for older girls. *The Gateway to American History*, by Randolph G. Adams (Little Brown), began as a scrapbook made for the author's own son. Mr. Adams is the librarian of the University of Michigan, where there is one of the best collections of what we call Americana—pictures, books and documents relating to our history—that there is anywhere. Some of the pictures most valuable for throwing light on our beginnings he had photographed, and pasted them into a volume so that his boy could have a record of original reports. Then he used them as slides to illustrate a number of lectures, and the result—tested by various audiences—makes this pictorial history of our earliest days, and the life of the world at the time when we were just emerging from the mists before history. *Once Upon a Time in Delaware*, by Katharine Pyle (Dutton), is another aid to the enjoyment of history, now in a second edition in time for the opening year. It is a series of short stories such as children would find interesting, but accurate enough to add to anyone's understanding of the record of this small but certainly active state. I thought I knew something about American history, but I had no idea so many important and exciting things had happened in Delaware. Story-tellers in search of material could use it too.

Civilizing Cricket, by Forrestine Hooker (Doubleday) carries on the story of the amusing and interesting little girl, Cricket, who, in Miss Hooker's earlier story with her name for title, lived in frontier garrisons of the Old West where her father was an army officer. Under these circumstances, she grew up—to the mature age of seven—somewhat tempestuous, and it was believed wise to send her somewhere to be "civilized." Philadelphia was clearly the place where this process could most successfully be brought to pass. I can't say that she calms down noticeably; indeed, any little girl who carries off a cross person's false teeth and, so to speak, holds them as hostages, must have been something of a handful in the house. But the result, so far as you are concerned, is that you get an exhilarating book, for unless girls are quite different from what they were when I was one, a perfectly pious heroine is not quite so popular with them as one who has a good heart, much ingenuity, and plenty of room for improvement. There are real people in the book, historic characters, for this is in the main the author's own story.

Next time I am going to tell you of some poems written by young people in our high schools. Oh yes, and about some other books, too.

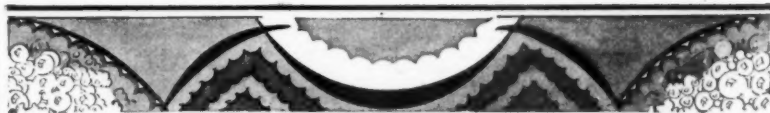


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Results of the Outdoor Cooking Contest

THE Outdoor Cooking Contest, announced last August, brought in enough recipes for hunger-satisfying and soul-expanding dishes, to serve weeks of camp meals without once repeating a dinner. To sit now and write of food that is meant to be cooked in the woods or on the beach over a roaring campfire, and to see from my window nothing but the gray winter sky and the tops of brick buildings instead of trees, is almost too tantalizing for a human being to bear.

But wait—someone has just suggested that winter picnics are not wholly impossible things, so perhaps I won't have to wait until spring, after all.

A recipe for roast fish is the one which received the first prize—a reflector oven—in the contest. It was sent in by Ella F. Lawrence, Troop Six, Providence, Rhode Island, and was chosen because it is a real pioneer dish, requiring no utensils but a scout knife.

It was decided to make two awards for second place—the judge found it hard to confine her second choice to only two, the recipes were all so good—and so Teresa A. Edwards, Troop Four, Tampa, Florida, and Jean Peterson, a Lone Girl Scout of Fairfax, Minnesota, each receive a cooking kit. Teresa's recipe follows:

Beef and Potato Muffins

Ingredients:

1½ pounds stewed or roast beef
5 cups mashed potatoes
¾ pound cheese (grated)

Method:

Shred beef and mix it very thoroughly with potatoes and crumbled cheese and season with salt and pepper. Fill muffin cups to brim, drop ½ teaspoon butter on top of each and set the pan over bed of low coals for twenty minutes. The muffins should be crispy, brown and firm.

Utensils to be used in this recipe:

1 large muffin tin 1 large mixing bowl
1 tablespoon

The beef and potato muffins are new and original and may be used easily on a camping trip. The scalloped potatoes are made in a Dutch oven, which is an iron pot with a cover that holds a fire. This kind of oven is used a great deal out West and could well be adopted by Eastern campers, since it is easy to use and preserves the food value of all that is cooked in it.

First honorable mention goes to Julia H. Collins, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for her recipe for Chinese tea cakes. This dessert is original, easy to make on a trip, and delicious for tea parties at home. Here's how you concoct them:

Chinese Tea Cakes

Ingredients:

½ cup butter ¼ teaspoon soda
2 cups brown sugar 2 cups flour
2 tablespoons cold water

Method:

Mix the above ingredients, shape into balls, and bake in a reflector oven until brown and done through.

Utensils to be used in this recipe:

1 measuring cup 1 mixing bowl
1 teaspoon 1 oven reflector
1 tablespoon 1 mixing spoon

These cakes may be baked while the chowder is cooking.

Other recipes which received honorable mention are from: Lillian Ellis, Troop One, Laredo, Texas; Kathleen Wilfong, Troop Fifteen, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Julia K. Collins, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Barbara Wood, Troop Five, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Taimi Helin, Braggville, Massachusetts; Laura Kampmeier, Troop Five, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Edna Miller, Troop Eighteen, Roselle Park, New Jersey and Helen J. Neave, Troop One, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.



Prize Winning Recipe

Ella F. Lawrence, Troop Six, Providence, Rhode Island
Roast Fish

Ingredients:

5 fish weighing about one pound each 20 slices of bread salt

Method:

First catch your fish. Then gather dry driftwood for fuel, if your picnic is on a beach. One of the best beach fires is made between three flat stones standing upright.

Split open the fish and clean them. Then wrap them in fresh green leaves (wild grape leaves are good) and roast them in a bed of hot coals for an hour and a half.

When the fish are cooked remove them from the fire and skin them. Salt well and serve between two slices of bread. One fish will serve two people.

Utensils to be used in this recipe:

1 scout knife

In the romantic bayou district of Louisiana—that's where "The Lily Drifters" is laid—

Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 24)
boots, drew down the curtain and went out, quietly closing the door.

"And so I don't know any more about it than you do," concluded Curly to Commander and Mrs. Corridon. "But I guess I ought to have told you all about what Mr. O'Reilly said to me last night. Only I didn't want to worry you and it didn't seem as though anything could happen."

"Do you know, I think you're right about your young friend upstairs," went on the Commander. "No matter why she went off with your plane, she brought it back. She comes of an impulsive people—she may have had a reason that nobody else would have thought of. And I rather imagine she will tell you about it when she gets rested."

"But a great deal needs to be explained. What did Mr. O'Reilly mean last night and how did he happen to speak to you just before all this happened? And who was the man who ran past your plane?"

Suddenly Lucy Saks dropped her grapefruit spoon against the plate. "Commander!" she exclaimed excitedly. "The guard said he saw the man throw something white into my plane. But he didn't find out what it was."

"So he did," replied the Commander. "That may be a clue."

Curly was finishing her second piece of toast when the reply to the Commander's telephoned inquiry came. "Not a thing there," said Mrs. Corridon, returning to the dining room. "Isn't it all the strangest thing you ever knew?"

CHAPTER X

Still More Unexpected Events

That afternoon, when George and Slim taxied down to Wilbur Wright Field, they found themselves in the midst of great excitement. Everyone tried to give his version of the morning's events, first. And when they had hurried over to the Corridon's home, Curly herself could not explain the mystery.

"We're sure by now that it was Isobel's uncle who threw that something white into the plane," she said, "because he hasn't been here all day. And besides, Mr. O'Reilly says the reason he spoke to me last night was because of what

Mr. Foulère said to Joe, his pilot. You see, Joe and Mr. O'Reilly believed Mr. Foulère was back of everything, but they couldn't seem to find a way to make sure. Then yesterday Joe was talking to Mr. Foulère when I was up and they were watching me. And Joe said, 'She is the best pilot a girl could possibly be, and with that Mr. Foulère got angry and said, 'She is not. You will see. You will see.' And so Joe told Mr. O'Reilly and then Mr. O'Reilly spoke to me."

"I've got it!" almost shouted George. "I've got it, I tell you. I can see through the whole thing. Listen." And for several minutes he talked rapidly and earnestly.

Slim scratched his nose. "Sounds reasonable," he conceded. "But you've got to get that girl to tell her story or you'll never find out."

"Curly, you go up to her and try to get her to tell you," suggested George.

Isobel, leaning against the pillow, her hair fluffed about her face, her cheeks flushed and her eyes still dark with sleep, was prettier than Curly had ever seen her. But Curly saw a shadow cross the dark eyes, and Isobel's lip tremble. "Oh, Curlee, Curlee," she said.

Curly put her arm around her friend. Isobel threw back her head. "I want to tell you, Curlee. You do not know how sad I have been. How very sorry. I have said, each morning, this day will I tell Curlee all. And then I have remembered how kind my uncle is and—"

Her lips quivered. Then, bravely, she took up her sad little story. "I have not want to put you off the program, Curlee. I have not want to do what my uncle desire and fly at the exhibitions everywhere. It is not for that that I have learn to fly. But he have say to me that I must. That is what he say, Curlee."

"We see you in Texas and you are ask' to be the one to fly, and someone, he has told my uncle that I can do so. And no one has ask' me to do so. My uncle, he say nothing. Onlee look. But that look I know. When that bad letter it has come and when your plane, it is taken in San Anton', he say nothing, onlee look. And I think it is he. And I want to tell you every day, Curlee—I wish it so verree much. But what can I do? If I say it to you, they will arrest

(Continued on page 43)

Can a Girl Learn to Throw

(Continued from page 25)

"Juggle and Pass Relay" is a game which you may practice by yourself or with others. This is the way it is played in teams: The teams are in line formation as shown in the diagram. The first player in each team has a ball. At a signal, she tosses the ball forward and runs to recover it. She continues her runs forward to line AB then and passes the ball back to the next one in the line, who repeats what the first



Diagram of "Juggle and Pass Relay"

one did. The line that finishes first wins. By marking a line upon the ground ten feet from your starting place, you can juggle and pass to your heart's content and check up on the accuracy of your throwing.

NOTE: These suggestions for the various passes, and the directions for "Juggle and Pass Relay" have been reprinted from the book, *An Athletic Program*, by Leonora Andersen, with the permission of the publishers, A. S. Barnes and Company, New York.



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Young George

(Continued from page 37)

ship between these two is already of long standing. Lord Fairfax is a man of, perhaps, forty or a little more. He is tall, handsome, distinguished, and he is one of the richest landed proprietors in Virginia. His grant from the King lies along the Rappahannock river and so far westward that he has never seen its furthest boundaries. He knows the number of his acres but nothing more about them. He has been intending to engage the famous scout and surveyor, Christopher Gist, to survey the estate and report on the type of country in which it lies. But George's complaint about having nothing interesting to do has given him a sudden inspiration. The lad, who is excellent at mathematics, has developed an interest in surveying recently. Here is his chance to show what he can do and, at the same time, to work off some of his restless energy through rough travel and life in the wilderness; the sort of experience, in fact, which makes young men hardy and self-reliant.

Lord Fairfax likes the Washingtons. They are men of his own stamp, with his own customs, manners and ideals. But he wonders whether the older members of the family really understand George. Do they recognize George's unusual mental gifts? Or that, having a fine mind and a practical one, as well as tremendous vitality and a passion for action, George will never be content to do nothing in the world but the leisurely duties of a man of property? Lord Fairfax doubts it. He himself feels sure that George will have a career and some day win renown that will make his country and his king proud of him. He is happy because he can give George this opportunity for his first achievement. It will spur the lad's ambition.

Perhaps it is always best that human beings cannot see into the future. No shadowy scene of later events appears on the bright crystal of the glasses on the Washingtons' table as the friends sup together, to show how this comradeship between the older man and the boy will go on, deepening with the years, as the boy becomes a thoughtful man and realizes more and more what influence his lordship's interest has had in helping him to shape his life. Nor do sinister gleams flash its tragic end, in a civil war. Yet the day will come when these friends will stand on different sides of an abyss; when a young descendant of the royalist family of Washington will be a rebel against his king, and Lord Fairfax, an old man then, will do as George's ancestors, the first Washington's, did; namely, leave his home and all he possesses rather than live in a land which has sworn its sovereign! There is only joy at the Washingtons' table tonight, as George and his friend eagerly discuss plans. A few days later George is on his way with Racey Hurricane, bound for the wilderness.

"Marse Gawge," Racey puts another heap of brush on the camp fire. "Marse Gawge, when we stahts huntin' dis hyar

yassahway de state I wants to know?"

"Start what?" George comes out of the dream which has immersed him, there by the camp fire on their fifth day beyond the settlements. Racey explains laboriously and joins heartily in George's roar of laughter, though he does not see the joke.

"Survey the estate!" George repeats when his convulsion of mirth is past. He explains that he has been doing it every day since they entered the wilderness. The queer but uninteresting looking instruments which Racey has carried for him hither and yon, are concerned with this task. Racey's eyes roll white. Never had he suspected that he was actually yassahwaying de state! George analyzes this remarkable phrase and presently has it clear. *Sur*, sounding like sir, becomes not only sah but yassah to a well trained colored boy; *vey* is easily transmuted into way, which is a common word.

Smiling, he listens to Racey's chatter,



First Fish: What is a net?

Second Fish: A lot of holes tied together with string.

as he watches the horses cropping along the creek, sees the sunset glow die out in the blue above and the stars appear. Months like this! He falls asleep, happy.

Much later, toward the middle of summer, they make camp one afternoon by a creek which runs like flowing emerald through the deep green of the forest. The rays of the westward moving sun drop through the thick leafage in shimmers of gold dust. In this green cave of beauty is journey's end for the young surveyor. The spreading oak to the right marks the western limit of Lord Fairfax's property. From here George will follow the line south until it turns east and homeward. The weeks in the open have put their mark on him. He is leaner and harder than when he left home and he is tanned almost to an Indian brown. Surveying has not occupied all his time. He has hunted, for they carry no food but salt for their meat. He has filled pages with notes on the soil, the flora and fauna of this untapped wilderness. He has drawn maps. He has not idled while reveling in a freedom he has never known before. He is thinking about

freedom now, as he broils a deer steak on his ramrod over the flames.

"We've led a free life in the wilderness, Racey," he remarks.

"Yassah, Marse Gawge. Frees' life ever I'se gwine led. Marse Gawge sut'nly said it dat time. Ain't nobody gwine sell dis black boy in de willownuss. Nobody in de willownuss gwine buy him. Coz dar ain't nobody! Yassah, Marse Gawge. Dis black boy feel jes' like dat black bear yestiddy what kick up he heels an' go when Marse Gawge shoot him an' ain't got de heart to kill him."

George laughs. "When I missed him, you mean!"

"Yassah," Racey grins. "Dat's what dis black boy feels lak, Marse Gawge, out hyar actin' jes' lak he free lak Marse Gawge. Racey Huh'cane ain't done no mo' wo'k 'n Marse Gawge. Marse Gawge done do de same wo'k what Racey Huh'cane done do, an' Marse Gawge' clo'es is all tore up jes' lak Racey Huh'cane's clo'es. Yassah, I know jes' how dat black bear feel. Ain't never gwine fo'git dis hyar willownuss."

"Nor I, Racey. And some day I'm coming back. I'll bring you, too. I want to go farther west, to see what is beyond this forest. The traders say that there are great rivers and plains and mountains beyond. And tribes of Indians. All belonging to America. Racey, America is an estate which no one has surveyed yet. No one knows where its boundaries lie. I would like to be the man who would begin to mark out the boundaries of America. There's an estate worth surveying."

"But that is just talking big words, Racey. It would take the greatest surveyor ever born to do that! And when you remember the French and the Indians and all the other obstacles in his way, you see that he would have to be a soldier, too, and a diplomat, and a man who would never lose his head no matter what happened. And it would take most of the years of a man's life to do it all and do it well. And when you think of all the strong people who would oppose the surveyor and try to prevent him from marking out the boundaries of that vast new estate!" He smiles, shaking his head at his nonsense.

"Steak done, Marse Gawge. An' mah stomach's ba'king lak a dawg fo' mah bone an' de meat what's 'round it."

George laughs. He divides the steak with his hunting knife and tosses Racey's share to him.

"Well," he goes on, more to himself than to his companion, "no doubt Lord Fairfax would hold up his hands in horror if he knew what fantastic dreams he put into my head by sending me out here. The world has had great soldiers and great churchmen, great poets, great statesmen and kings. Explorers too, of course. Perhaps there have been great surveyors, also. But I never heard of them. I would like to be the great surveyor."

"Ef Marse Gawge done want yassahway dat big 'Meica state, den Marse Gawge he gwine do it," says Racey.

There's a big number in March, with foreign news and stories—don't miss it!

Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 41)

my uncle. And I have no father and mother. Onlee my uncle. Oh, I am so sad. It was a great wrong, Curlee—and I am so full of sorrow, I cannot go near to you. I cannot speak to you. I—"

Once more, rising sobs choked the girl. "I understand, Isobel dear," said Curly softly. "I understand, dear."

"But I can say nothing to my uncle, for he say nothing to me. Nevaire have I been able to make him not do what I wish him not to do. He is a verree—what you call it—determined man. Of this I am sure—he would not hurt you, Curlee. Of this I am verree sure. Oh, I was so unhappie and so very alone. And last night, I see him walk up and down, up and down—and go write some things that he keep in his pocket. And walk and walk and walk."

"And I know he plan a new some things. And I do not sleep, Curlee. I keep up, with my door open. And when he come out very early this morning, I follow him. And when he put the letter in your little boat, Curlee—"

"Oh, so it was a letter!"

"Yes. I do not know what it said. I have not read it. But I am running after him when he throw it there and the man go after him. And I think if I can take the plane up and tear the letter and throw it away, then they will not know it is my uncle who have written it—do you see, Curlee?"

Curly sighed deeply. "So that was it. But what did it say, I wonder?"

"I know what it say, even if I have not read it," continued Isobel. "It try to frighten you. It try to make you—what you call—nervous. That is what my uncle would do. And he think that if you do not fly, they will have ask' me. So I jump into your little boat, Curlee, and I fly, oh, so high and tear the letter into oh, so small pieces and I throw them into the sky and no one will know that my uncle wrote that letter. And if that Mr. O'Reilly find him, my uncle will not have done anythings to you, Curlee."

"And I will see him now," went on Isobel after a short pause. "I will say to him I do not want him to do those things. He has always been verree kind to me, Curlee. Nevaire do I forget, nevaire, Curlee, even although he do this things that is not good."

"Isobel," said Curly impulsively, "please let me tell George everything. He will think of what you ought to do next. And he won't be unkind to Mr. Foulrière. George isn't like that. Please, Isobel."

Isobel looked thoughtfully into Curly's blue eyes, then said slowly, "Yes, it shall be so. Or I will go also to him. Then he will think of the next way."

As Curly had predicted, George was very kind to the distressed Spanish girl. "I can understand how your uncle felt the way he did, Isobel," he said. "And I can even understand how he came to do what he did, even though it was a very bad thing to do. And I can forgive him, just as I know Curly has."

"He hasn't been seen all day, anywhere. And if I were you, Isobel, I would not try to find him for the present. You will hear from him before long. He thinks too much of you not to let you know where he is. So why don't you stay here with Curly?"

That night Curly thought of a new plan, one which made her so singingly happy that she laughed aloud to herself. And scarcely waiting to slip on her kimono next morning, she rushed into the room next hers which Mrs. Corridon had given to Isobel when she had heard the sorry little story.

"Isobel!" shouted Curly, hopping onto the edge of the bed. "Isobel! I've thought of the best scheme. You fly with me on the program tomorrow. Then when your uncle comes back, you can do those exhibitions with him if you want to."

Isobel opened her eyes with a start, then sat bolt upright.

"What is that which you say, Curlee?"

"You fly with me on the program tomorrow, then when your uncle comes back, you and he can do what he wants to, if you want to."

Isobel did not reply.

"Please, Isobel," pleaded Curly. "Please, please."

Then Isobel spoke. "I thank you, Curlee. I thank you very much. It is—what you say—generous. But I cannot do. Always have I told this to my uncle. Always have I said I do not wish to go on those exhibitions. Always have I said it shall not be that I shall be on the program."

Curly was speechless with astonishment. Not want to fly! Not want to be on the program!

"You are so verree dear to me, Curlee. Nevaire have I know a girl for whom I have so great love. I do not wish you to be unhappy with me. But it is like this. To fly, it is a dangerous thing. It is not for everybody. Some day it will be so, I think. Some day, after the brave and so careful ones like Mr. George and Mr. Slim have work' verree, verree hard, it will be that there is not so much—what you say—reesk."

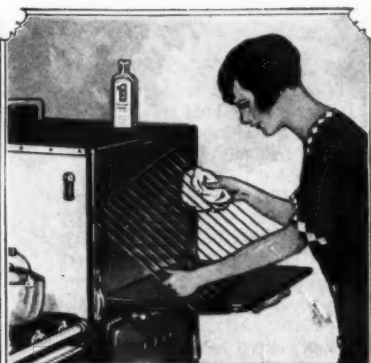
"But why can't you go up with me tomorrow?" persisted Curly. "I'm not going to do stunts."

Once more Isobel shook her head. "No, Curlee, I think not. For there is somethings else, also, Curlee," she went on. "This I have say to my uncle many times. I can fly, yes. He have taught me to fly. And you can fly, yes. Mr. Slim and Mr. George, they have taught you to fly. But we do not fly, you and I, any better than the others. We do not fly so well as many, also. It is onlee because you are a girl that they have ask' you to be on the program. And that should nevaire be. It should be for them to think of the flying onlee."

"Do you see, Curlee, my friend?" the Spanish girl now asked anxiously. "You are not unhappy with me?"

"No," responded Curly, thoughtfully, "I am not angry with you, Isobel."

(Continued on page 44)



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Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 43)

It was a new thing to Curly, this idea that it was not her flying that counted, but merely the fact that she happened to be a girl. But now that Isobel had suggested it, she had to admit that while she could fly her little boat, she was not nearly so skillful as any number of the young men pilots whom she knew. She thought of the boys down at the post—better aviators than she—who had not been invited to the meet. And Curly's sense of fair play was aroused as it had never been before.

From Isobel, Curly went straight to Slim. "Slim," she said, "was I invited here just because I was a girl?"

Slim looked up from his engine.

"Sure," he drawled. "Surest thing you know."

Curly started away.

"Hey," called Slim. "What's the big idea?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the girl. "I'm just thinking."

Think she did, harder than she had ever thought about anything in her life. Isobel's earnestness, the truth of what she had said had made the deepest of impressions upon this girl who was not so apt to think things out as to do them. Honestly, Curly faced it. She was being favored simply because she was a girl, not because she was a better pilot than any number of boys who would have no opportunity to show what they could do. Word for word, she went over everything Isobel had said, what Slim had said. Then she turned about and walked back to Wilbur Wright Field.

"George," she said to her brother as abruptly as she had approached Slim Evans a short while before, "there's something I want to ask you. Did they ask me up here just because I am a girl?"

"Maybe," replied George.

"No, tell me," persisted Curly. "Did they?"

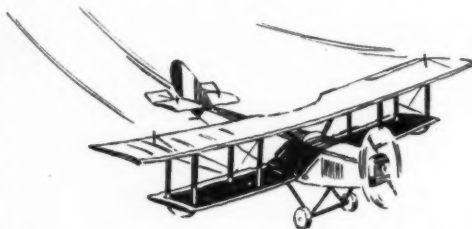
"Curly," said George, and his voice was serious as always when he had something special to say to her. "Let's sit down somewhere and talk it all over."

"Look here, Sis," he said when they had seated themselves on a nearby automobile's running board. "You're right. It isn't a square deal, when you look at it right in the eyes. I've been sorry ever since a while back that you came up, if you must know. In other words, they asked you as a sort of stunt. Not stunt flying. A stunt. And I never saw through it. I never saw through it," said George regretfully.

"But what can we do about it?" asked Curly, characteristically.

George snapped shut the knife with which he had been whittling a matchstick. "What say we talk it over with Commander Corridon?" he suggested.

Together they walked across the field to the Commander's office. Together they stepped into the room in answer to his, "Come in!" And together, with hesitating words, they laid their doubts before the man whose blue eyes were so clear and who always spoke so directly to the



point. When they had finished, there was silence in the little office. With a far-away expression in his eyes, the man in the uniform fingered a paperweight on his desk.

At last he spoke. "To tell you two the truth," he said, "I've been getting more than a little worried about this meet. Aviation isn't just a stunt. Aviation isn't just a matter of dare-devil courage. It is a science. A science which is in its earliest stages and which must be developed as all the other sciences are developed, with carefully thoughtout tests. If only people would stop to think of the detailed way in which Lindbergh tested everything out, thought of every contingency, every possible danger and unforeseen circumstance before he started off!

"I have been listening to the visitors who have been coming to the field and I have heard their reckless planning to do this and that in the air. You say you are worried over fair play to the young men who fly and fly well, Miss Saks. I am worried over fair play to aviation."

"Isn't there something we can do?" asked Curly.

"How would this be?" at length suggested the Colonel. "Have Miss Saks keep her place on the program, but make an announcement telling just why she will not again appear in a similar meet. Then have your brother or Mr. Evans or someone give a demonstration of the care which every skilled pilot exercises about his plane and his flying. I believe it would help," he concluded enthusiastically. "I honestly believe it would!"

And that is why, when Curly returned to her home at the Texas Post, she and George and Slim had an unexpected story to tell about the day when the great crowd was gathered together at Dayton and Curly Saks flew her little boat. They didn't all of them understand, those tanned young aviator friends of hers, but they did grasp the fact that Curly had been a good sport, especially since she invariably had a friend beside her who nodded in agreement as Curly talked and talked and talked—a friend with dark eyes and a sudden flashing smile.

It was George who had suggested that they invite Isobel to visit them and go to school with Curly while the Spanish girl was waiting for news of her uncle. It was George who had seemed to understand how much Isobel's friendship meant to his young sister who had known so few girls in her life. It was George who was so certain that Mr. Foulère would be heard from in time, and who kept up the spirits of their guest. And

it was George who, finding Curly alone one day beside her little scout, said, "Curly, I am mighty proud of you."

What has happened so far in this story

Curly Saks, a sister of an observer in the Army Air Service in Texas, is an excellent flyer. She has an airplane of her own, and cruises over the Mexican border watching for smugglers. Then one day two memorable things happen to her. First, she gets in the bad grace of Michael O'Reilly, powerful oil operator, by forcing him to go back and aid a car into which he has crashed in his hurry to make a train, and, second, she meets Isobel DeCarara and her uncle, Mr. Foulère, who are flying to the Pulitzer Meet in Dayton, Ohio. Curly invites Isobel and her uncle to visit McMullen.

That night when they are having dinner together, a telegram is read by Captain Kennard, inviting Curly to take part in the Pulitzer Meet.

The next day a mysterious warning comes, advising Curly not to enter the meet. It is signed "A Friend." Slim Evans suspects O'Reilly, but many of the men believe that it is a practical joke, and the party starts just as planned.

At Donovan Field in San Antonio, their first stop, Curly recognizes O'Reilly going by in a car. And that night someone tries to steal her ship. She throws herself on the fuselage just as the airplane leaves the ground, and pulls herself into the cockpit. The pilot—a man unknown to her—flies with her a short distance and then lands, saying that he will tell the boss that he can't steal from a girl like her. Who is the boss?

Slim is more than ever convinced that it is O'Reilly who is responsible for everything. But the Colonel at the post suspects that Isobel and Mr. Foulère may have something to do with the efforts to keep Curly from Dayton. He believes that Isobel wants to do exhibition flying herself.

While they are talking, O'Reilly comes in, indignant at being suspected, and says that he is so anxious to find the real culprit that he has offered a reward. His denials, however, fail to convince Slim, although Curly is inclined to think that he is honest. Much against her will she is coming to believe that there may be something in what the Colonel said about Isobel. And the next morning, when Isobel cuts her dead on the field, she is certain that he is right.

So the party flies on to the next stop—augmented by Michael O'Reilly in his airplane—and finally they all reach Dayton. Late that night Curly cannot resist seeing if her ship is all right, so she slips out and runs over to the hangar. To her astonishment, Michael O'Reilly steps from behind the plane wing and says: "I just want to tell you, Miss Saks, that, no matter what turns up, I'm right here."

What did he mean?

Pictures, stories, news of girls all over the world!

The Beholder

(Continued from page 30)

of the Ginkgo grow. It thrives in poor soil and is not injured by the reflected heat from the pavements. The Ginkgo is also called the Maidenhair Tree because of the shape of its leaf. We have discovered that it was a very unfortunate choice because of its freedom from insects and tree diseases. Have you found any cocoons or scale bugs? Do keep careful notes and send us some good stories. Don't forget to watch the buds unfold! Draw them at intervals and notice any differences.

The tracks were very simple and the constellation easy to find. The Hare, or Lepus, is found just south of Orion. It can be most readily seen when Orion is high in the heavens. Do you know in what direction the hare was going?

Some say that the gray squirrel does not hoard food as the pert red squirrel does. Have you seen anything to prove this? If the snow crust is not too hard, squirrels will tunnel under and search for nuts, but bark and buds will add delicious variety to their menu when they get hungry during the winter.

A cat has retractile claws. A dog's nails are short and less sharp than a cat's and he cannot draw them in. A dog runs down his game in the open and seizes things with his teeth while a cat hunts by stealth and her claws are used to grasp her prey. A dog also uses his nails in digging and burying his bones while a cat uses her claws to climb and defend herself.

The Hyades outline the face of the Bull and Aldebaran marks his eye. Ask your leader to read their story from the December Girl Scout Leader.

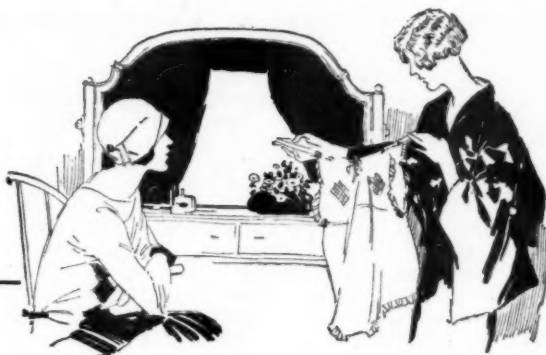
For the northern girls the hazel, alder, birches and poplars are showing their flower buds now and the southern girls have also the acacias.

It was great fun to take the bird census. We walked ten miles and it was cold enough for Komac stew! We were all surprised to find so many birds. The juncos were most friendly and ate bits of our toast, the blue jays thought we were disturbing their family circles, and the crows and sparrows paid no attention to us—this attitude of the crows was a surprise.

These are the questions for February:

1. Find the dates of the four phases of the moon—full, last quarter, new and first quarter—and draw the moon you see at these dates.
2. Compare the elm and maple buds and note the differences between them.
3. Tell the story of Sirius, the brightest star of all, and locate the constellation it is in.
4. Scatter wheat, cracked corn or millet seed on the ground and sunflower seeds and suet on a hanging shelf and watch which birds come to these two places. Protect these feeding stations from cats and keep food there regularly.
5. Find three ways that plants have of carrying through the winter.
6. Tell three different ways that animals spend the winter.
7. Tell the story of your marble step and see if you can learn its history when it was once a *foraminifera*.

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That's the International Number of "The American Girl"—in March

Rolof's Wolves—and Cora

(Continued from page 12)

"My feet are simply freezing," she announced severely, though a solitary squirrel was her only audience and she did not see him. "What's more, I'm starving to death."

Common sense urged her to set out for the farmhouse at once, since the short winter's day was practically over at four o'clock. But finding the way out of the woods was not as easy as entrance had been, and another half hour had gone before Cora came out into a clearing that proved to be the field where the farmer had set up his shock of grain.

Plowing wearily along, head bent against the wind, she did not look up until she ran directly into someone.

"For the love of Lulu!" said Hugh elegantly.

"Oh, Hugh, were you coming to find me?" Cora's eyes brightened with a relief that not even the glasses could wholly hide.

"I'm starving—" she added.

"Well, Mother is having fits about you," Hugh announced, beginning to break a fresh path as he turned and walked abreast with his cousin. "When you didn't come for dinner, she thought you might have gone over to see Jennie Masker and they had asked you to stay. But around three o'clock she came up to the dark room and said she was sure something had happened to you—you never went visiting without first saying something."

"Poor Auntie! I'm so sorry," murmured Cora contritely.

Then she wondered how Hugh had guessed where to look for her.

"I saw your tracks," the lad grinned.

He did not add that his teasing about the wolves had come back to him and had given him another clue. Neither had he mentioned this to his mother, feeling instinctively that she would not be enthusiastic about a practical joke that had sent a trusting listener on a wild goose chase.

But Cora was eager to share her news.

"Hugh," she chattered excitedly, "Guess what? I've been to the woods and I saw the wolves!"

Involuntarily Hugh glanced over his shoulder.

"You saw what?" he demanded.

"The wolves—and Rolof—at least I think Rolof was with them," said Cora. "There were some dark shapes and one of them must have been Rolof."

Hugh floundered in a drift, regained his balance, and frowned.

"Rolof came home," he said shortly.

"When? Before noon? Then these must have been just the wolves." Cora admitted, disappointment in her voice.

"You couldn't have seen any wolves—there hasn't been a wolf in this section since before the Civil War," declared Hugh firmly. "I was only joking when I said about Rolof playing with them."

Cora was very tired, very hungry, and inclined to be very cross.

"Well, I know I saw wolves," she retorted, "I took a picture—I guess that will show you whether I saw wolves or not."

"I'll bet it's poorly focused or over-exposed," said Hugh unkindly.

They finished the rest of the distance in silence and it was dark when they reached the house. But Aunt Carol had a bountiful hot supper waiting and Annie Laurie was well enough to come down in her pretty blue flannel robe to eat with the family, and long before the baked apples and cream—which were the dessert—were served them, Cora and Hugh were on good terms again.

Cora avoided the topic of the wolves at the table, merely explaining that she had gone to the woods to look for Rolof. Not even to Annie Laurie did she say anything of the picture she had taken.

"I'll develop it and print it the first thing next week," Hugh had promised, taking her camera. "I can't fuss up there any more tonight, because I have on my good suit."



Cora was quite unprepared for the mysterious "Psist!" which greeted her the following Monday afternoon as she was passing Hugh's dark room on her way downstairs.

"Come see your picture," whispered Hugh, opening the door just wide enough for her to slip through into the tiny place where the red light of his lantern glowed like an evil eye.

Cora stayed perhaps five minutes. When she came out she looked excited, but she said nothing to Annie Laurie and played four games of checkers with the invalid who was still not allowed to go to school.

"I guess Cora isn't going to bother to take a picture for the contest," Annie Laurie said to Jennie Masker a few days later.

Annie Laurie had taken a really good picture of Rolof, and Hugh had sent in a photograph of the two farm horses drawing a sled of cut wood. Prints were pouring in on the committee, and the coveted motion picture camera, on exhibition in the Barlow town hall, was daily visited by delegations from the various competing schools. These visitors invariably carried word back that, "We just have to win that peach of a prize."

The contest closed with nearly six hundred entries, and then began the

hardest test—that of waiting. Rumors were not lacking and almost every day the absolute fact was reported that such and such a school had won, only to be as positively denied. When, some two weeks later, the exhibition was opened to the public in the beautiful white-pillared town hall at Barlow, the high schools of the surrounding towns made arrangements for viewing the pictures *en masse*.

Hugh's father and mother drove over with Hugh, Annie Laurie, Cora and a laughing load of boys and girls. The square around the town hall looked, as Mr. Graham observed when he hitched his team, "like election day." A steady stream of people were passing.

"Ralston won the camera!" someone in the crowd shouted to someone else.

Annie Laurie shrieked as she always did when she was excited, Cora peered nearsightedly, trying to see the speaker, and Hugh said, "Aw shucks—that doesn't make it so."

The pictures were arranged on four flat walls and once in the exhibition room a single glance showed where the judges had placed the prize winner. The print was mounted on a black velvet plaque against which the white mat and the clear black and white of the picture stood out vividly. Shadow lights, correctly placed, brought out the hidden depths of the print and showed its true beauty.

"Cora!" Hugh did not realize that he was shouting. "Cora, it's your picture—you've won the prize! We've got the camera!"

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Graham.

Annie Laurie was reading the typed card aloud:

"Prize winner, Ralston High School. Subject, 'Deer in the Forest'. Photographed by Cora Barnes, developed and printed by Hugh Graham."

Cora had no need to look at the picture. She stepped back as the crowd surged between her and the prints. She knew just how those three beautiful young does faced the camera, their heads up, lovely liquid eyes free of fear—slim, graceful forefeet firmly planted in the snow. She knew, too, the background of snow-wreathed pines. She had examined the print to her heart's content in Hugh's dark room and had consented to its being entered in the competition if Hugh would keep it a secret.

As she waited for her cousins to rejoin her, Cora began to overhear comments as those who had seen the print stepped back to give others a chance.

"Wonderful picture—they say she's a city girl—the first good picture she ever took in her life—sophomore in Ralston High—Oh yes, she's a regular student—living with the Grahams for the school year—a peach of a prize—"

"How do you suppose she ever got close enough to wild deer to photograph them like that?" someone questioned curiously.

And Cora's answer, had he heard it—which he did not—would scarcely have enlightened him.

"I thought they were wolves," murmured Cora.

Jo lives in England, but you will meet her next month in your own magazine—



The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Determined Insects

Two Irishmen had been fighting pestering mosquitoes on a blistering hot night. About two o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half doze a lightning-bug came flying into their room.

"Be gorry, Mike, it's no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of those pesky critturs sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"—Sent by BEULAH MAE TALMAN, Westfield, Massachusetts.

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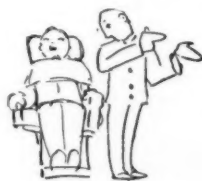
TENDERFOOT GIRL SCOUT: Oh that's all right, I burned it a little but I put vaseline on it right away.—Sent by ZELLO FIELD, Kansas City, Missouri.

Too Much of a Good Thing

JIMMY: Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?

MOTHER: Yes, Jimmy. Why?

JIMMY: 'Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning, but I'm afraid you'll have to send for one soon.—Sent by ILSE OHL, Chicago, Illinois.



Practice Makes Perfect

DENTIST: Excuse me a moment, please.

PATIENT: Where are you going?

DENTIST: Before beginning work on you I must have my drill.

PATIENT: Great Scott, man, can't you fill a tooth without a rehearsal?—Sent by VERA SPARKES, Sauk Centre, Massachusetts.

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Short Coat Suit.....	38-44	4.15	Hiking On.....			Set of three (Bird, Tree and		
Suit.....	10-18	4.70	Oh, Beautiful Country.....			Flower Finder) with note-		
Suit.....	38-44	5.20	On the Trail.....			book cover.....	\$1.50	
Suit.....	10-14	2.10	Piano Edition.....			Projects, each.....		
Bloomers.....	10-44	1.85	Midget Size.....			Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower		
Knickers.....	10-44	2.15	Lots of 10 or more.....			instruction sheet, each.....	.10	
Middy—Official khaki.....	10-42	1.75	Onward.....			Audubon Bird Plates		
Norfolk Suit—Officer's			To America.....			(Set of 50).....	1.00	
Khaki, lightweight.....	32-44	8.00				Star Project.....	.20	
Serge.....	32-44	38.00				Ve Andree Logge.....	.75	
insignia.....	6½-8	3.00				Pageant—		
Hat, Girl Scout's.....	6½-8	1.60				Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence		
Web Belt.....	28-38	.65				Howard), each.....	.50	
Bandeaux (to match						Girl Scout's Hope Chest		
Leather Belt for Officers.....	28-38	2.75				(By Alice Sandford).....	.15	
Neckerchiefs, Cotton, each.....	40-42	3.00				Patrol Register, each.....	.15	
Neckerchiefs, silk, each.....		2.00				Patrol System for Girl Guides.....	.25	
Neckerchiefs, each.....		.45				Plays—		
Bandeaux (to match						Why They Gave a Show and		
Neckerchiefs), each.....		.45				How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)		
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue,						Each.....	.15	
brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.....						How St. John Came to Bence's		
Yellow Slickers.....	10	\$3.75				School.....	.15	
	14-20	5.00				A Pot of Red Geraniums.....	.15	
						Why the Rubbish?.....	.15	
						Everybody's Affair.....	.15	
						When the Four Winds Met		
						(By Odette Schottky).....	.15	
						Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret		
						Macchie).....	.15	
						Lots of ten or more, each.....	.10	
						Post Cards—		
						Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10	
						1 dozen sets.....	1.50	
						Set of four (Colored), Fall,		
						Winter, Spring, Summer,		
						1 dozen sets.....	3 for .05	
						Building.....		
						Washington Little House (Ex-		
						terior).....	.02	
						Washington Little House (Door-		
						way).....	.02	
						Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)		
						Per hundred.....	.45	
						Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05	
						Per hundred.....	.45	
						Series of Law Cards		
						Per hundred.....	.45	
						"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		
						"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be		
						Trusted"		
						"In lots of ten or more, each.....	.10	
						"A Girl Scout is Kind to Ani-		
						mals"		
						"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		
						Any of above, each.....	.03	
						Per hundred.....	.25	
						Posters—		
						New Building Poster 9½x11½		
						Per dozen.....	1.00	
						Girl Scout Creed (By Henry		
						Van Dyke).....	.15	
						Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16.....	.15	
						Per hundred.....	10.00	
						Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11.....	.10	
						Per hundred.....	8.00	
						Scout Laws		
						Size 14x10.....	.30	
						Size 9x11.....	.10	
						Producing Amateur Entertain-		
						ments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00	
						Scout Mastership.....	1.50	
						Tramping and Trailing with the		
						Girl Scouts.....	.35	
						Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00	
						Troop Management Course.....	.75	
						Troop Register (Field Notebook		
						Size).....	1.55	
						Additional Sheets		
						Cash Record (15 sheets).....	.25	
						Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c ea.	
						Treasurer's Monthly Record		
						(30 sheets).....	.25c package	
						Per Sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c ea.	
						Treasurer or Scribe's Record		
						(15 sheets).....	.25c package	
						Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c ea.	
						Individual Record		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

†Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

‡Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Mail all Orders to **GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.** 670 Lexington Ave., New York City

Earn your own equipment with "American Girl" premiums—write for a list

STAMP ALBUM FREE

Spaces for 1200 stamps with purchase of 100 different unused stamps for 25 cents. Mexican \$1 Bill Free with 100 different foreign stamps for 10c.

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contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

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(Which alone catalogues 20c)
is included in our packet of 55 stamps
all foreign—from strange and far-
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5c

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INLAND STAMP CO., Room 41, 6217 Forest, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE Stamps with all approvals. We're new
and want to meet you. Send 10c for
25 worth whites. Try our Profit Sharing plan
just once. You'll be glad.

PEERLESS SALES CO. New York City
P. O. Box 471 (City Hall 7)

10c EACH. All diff. 5 Costa Rica, 5 Congo,
5 Egypt, 5 Iceland, 6 Jamaica,
4 Liberia, 4 No. Ingerrland,
2 Brunei, 10 Persia.

MANDELL 635 E. Alleghany, Phila., Pa.



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THE snappiest, liveliest games of all
have been collected and printed in one
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thing for your next party—it will help to
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played with printed forms which are to be
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both these vivacious games is furnished
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Games".

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and it will be sent to you postpaid with a
liberal supply of the free forms.

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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

In this column last July we heralded
a new set of postage labels for New-
foundland. On January second the new
series of stamps was placed on sale at the
General Post Office at St. John's. New-
foundland has given to philately some
very beautiful postage stamps and this
new set proves to be more attractive
than those of recent issues.

The complete set as issued includes
one, two, three, four, five, six, eight,
nine, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, and
thirty cent values. The colors of the
stamps range from lavender and gray to
purple, blue, maroon and black. The de-
signs show portraits of the King and
Queen and the Prince of Wales, and
views of places in Newfoundland.



There is to be one other value in this
set but at the time that this is being
written it is not definitely known whether
this value will be of one-half cent or one
dollar denomination. I am inclined to
think that the dollar value will be de-
cided upon and if this is done it will be
the highest denomination in a postage
stamp that Newfoundland has ever issued.

I wonder how many of our readers re-
member the May 1927 stamp column in
which I gave the stamp history of this
lonely outpost in the Atlantic. Word
comes from a reliable source that the four
and six penny values of this issue remain-
ing in the post office have been officially
destroyed. Although this issue has been
in use for three years, the fact that two
of the stamps have been discontinued on
short notice means that they will rapidly
increase in value—the four penny will
rise more rapidly than the six penny
because the latter was used much more.

The first International air mail flight
took place between Havana, Cuba, and
Key West, Florida, on October nine-
teenth. Cuba had prepared a special air
mail stamp in connection with this air
mail route but unfortunately the stamp
was not ready in time for the first
flight, it being placed on sale for the
first time on November first. The stamp
is illustrated above and is printed in an
attractive shade of blue.

A set of stamps commemorating the
unveiling of the Cenotaph to the San
Marinese War Volunteers has been
issued. The design was executed in Lon-
don by Bradbury, Wilkinson and Com-
pany. This is the first time that San
Marino has had stamps printed in En-
gland. The three values are: fifty cent,
mauve; one cent, light blue; and ten
cent, light gray.

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and start with a good packet

100 varieties, U. S.	3.50
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300 varieties, U. S.	6.50
400 varieties, U. S.	25.00
500 varieties, U. S.	75.00
100 var. U. S. Revs.	1.65
200 var. U. S. Revs.	6.75
300 var. U. S. Revs.	40.00
25 var. Post Dues.	.35
50 var. Post Dues.	2.75
25 var. Departments.	3.65
50 var. Departments.	10.00
100 var. U. S. regular postage.	.75
200 var. U. S. regular postage.	2.50
300 var. U. S. regular postage.	8.00
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500 var. U. S. regular postage.	375.00

Our price lists of U. S. or foreign packets gladly sent.

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87 FAR-OFF COUNTRIES—ONLY 10c

Azores, British Guiana, Ceylon, Cyprus, Dutch Indies,
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of different stamps from 87 different countries. Includ-
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price only 10c. Big lists and approvals with each order.
C. D. Reimers Company, Box 300, Fort Worth, Texas

FREE! Fenway Unused Hundred—100 different,
beautiful stamps—all unused—from far-
off countries, which would cost \$1.00 if purchased from
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This fine packet absolutely free to new approval
applicants enclosing 4c postage. Big lists also free—
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161 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

100 U. S. STAMPS 40¢

No cut squares.
Approvals all countries. Send reference to
M. L. Cook, 527 West 46th Street, Chicago, Ill.

BIG PRICE LIST. Send for large two color illustrated price
list giving the country's biggest bargains in U. S. stamps 5c, 10c,
large packets, albums and ac-
cessories. It's the talk of the
town and the sensa-
tion of the season.
How about new
approvals also?
Free
Write today! Inland Stamp Co., 6217 Forest, Kansas City, Mo.

100 diff. stamps British Colonials only; 25c. 100
diff. United States and foreign; 12c. 10 diff.
stamps, all triangles; 25c. 1000 hinges 10c; to ap-
plicants for my 50c approvals.

Charles Worcester, 25 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LB. PARCEL U. S. STAMPS sent anywhere 65c P. F.
—3 Madagascar stamps & Bennett's Messenger free to
applicants for Approvals. (Bus. Est. 1896.)
N'land Caribou 1, 2, 3, 4, 5c. Cat. 38c. net c12
Chile 1c to 1 Peso 1925 ins. 10 Stamps cat. 43c. net c15
Australian Canberra commemorative unused. c10
SAMUEL BENNETT, 315 N. 6th St., Millville, N. J.

80 DIFFERENT STAMPS 12c includes Sara-
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SURPRISE PACKET—Borneo, Australia, U.
S. Commemoratives etc. and illustrated list
of Sets, Packets, etc. for 8c; 5 diff. Triangles 10c.
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5 CENTS EACH
8 Argentina 30 Austria 15 Belgium
10 Bulgaria 10 Cuba 20 Czechoslovakia
All six packets for 25 cents to approval
applicants. Name two references—
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Newfoundland Stamps at Cost Price!
40 standard varieties \$1. (A fine start).
FREE—my 16-page Priced Catalogue
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Postage approval, 60% discount. Revenues, telegraphs,
—net approval. Reference required. 200 diff. foreign rev's.
56c. Oscar Hartman, 3803 Humboldt St., Denver, Colo.

600 different stamps \$50; 1100, \$1.; 2000, \$3.50.
Largest 5 and 10c list in America.
Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Free!! Free!! Foreign stamps absolutely free for col-
lectors. Send a 2c unused stamp to
cover postage. **Ben Meyer, G.S., P.O. Box 47, New York**

1c Each Write today your selection. Reference please.
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FREE 101 Diff. Peachy stamps to app. appl. Postage
2c Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China etc. 2c. Album (500 illust.) 2c
List free. Bullard, B. Bay, Dept. 28, Boston

Write for free list of Packets and Sets.
Neil Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Bargains, 1/2c up. Help earn troop money.
Jo Babcock, 407 E. Fort St., Detroit, Michigan.

Darkest Africa holds no terrors for Mrs. Johnson, explorer. You will meet her in March

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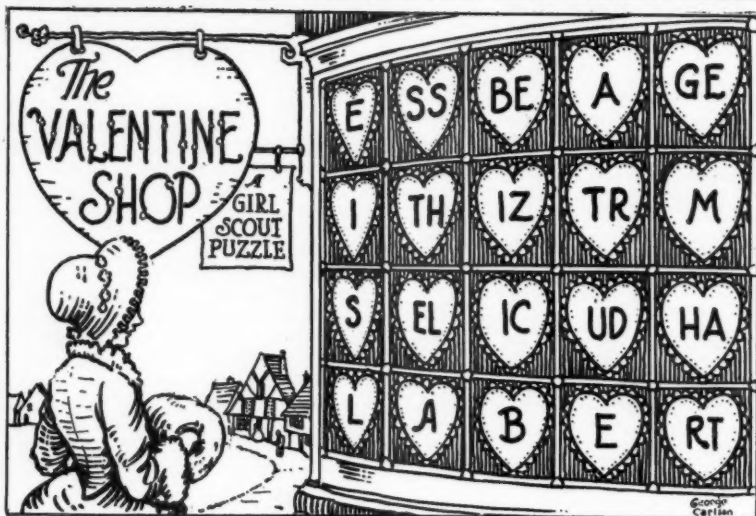
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OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Valentine Shop

In the window of this quaint little old-fashioned shop, there has been displayed an interesting array of valentines. The shopkeeper, who is something of a puzzlist, has placed initials on the window panes over the valentines in order to puzzle the people who may be passing his shop.

There are twenty valentines on display and ten lucky girls are going to get them. See if you can tell what their names are by starting from certain letters and moving to an adjoining valentine in any direction.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters will spell the name of a well known president.

ark, rate, eat, ore, pen, and, one.

An Acrostic

The first and last letters of the six four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two kinds of dogs.

1. A heavy blow
2. Reflected sound
3. A self-moved vehicle
4. A precious metal
5. To lounge at ease
6. Otherwise

Hidden Animals

The name of an animal is hidden in each of the following ten sentences.

1. The electrical furnishings in our house are beautiful.
2. Do good and you will be happy.
3. Did Father Leo pardon Jimmie for his rudeness?
4. We watched the two teams hauling oats, wheat and barley.
5. The driver of the cab earnestly pleaded his cause.
6. The Minnehaha regions are beautiful.
7. Harmon, keyed up by his success, was excited.
8. It was a prize brand and very popular.
9. Cousin Jack always acts like a gentleman.
10. I wouldn't like to mar mother's furniture.

By *ELLA SWENSON*
Berwyn, Illinois

An Enigma

I am the name of a famous Girl Scout.
My 13, 12, 19, 21, 17, is a metrical line.
My 1, 7, 15, 8, 9, 14, pertains to the sea.

My 3, 6, 10, 20, is exhilaration.
My 2, 16, 17, 5, is pain, more or less continuous.
My 4, 11, means a Doctor of Divinity.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

Construct a five-letter word square with words of the following definitions:

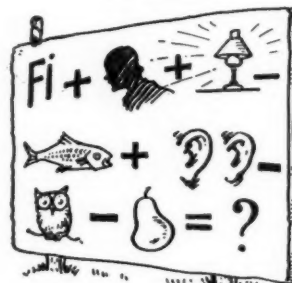
1. Without sight
2. One who is enamoured
3. White, hard and polished
4. A delicate fibre in the system
5. That which dries anything

By *MARTHA SPOERLEIN*
Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time change LOUD to SOFT in four moves.

Puzzle Sum



By adding and subtracting the names of the various objects pictured above, make the name of a president.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS: Resolution Number Three remains unbroken.

ADD A LETTER: The eight added letters spell PLATINUM.

A CHARADE: Buglers.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

ISSUE
SCENT
SEETH
UNTIE
ETHER

WORD JUMPING: Work, wore, ware, care, case, ease.

AN ENIGMA: "Do a good turn daily."

AN ACROSTIC: Kind, into, thin, tick, edge, navy, KITTEN DONKEY.

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Joy Henderson

Dear Betty Brooks,
 White Plains, N. Y.
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 selling The American Girl.
 Most of my subscribers were
 very pleasant and easy
 to deal with; quite a few
 were already interested
 in the magazine.

In families where
 little interest was shown,
 I found that a sample
 copy of the magazine was
 more than enough to
 convince them of its
 worth.
 Yours sincerely,
 Joy Henderson

You Can Join a Club with these girls

AND the exciting thing about this club is that every girl who belongs to it always has money in her pocketbook to spend for the things she wants most. Ellen Louise Carroll writes about it: "I have bought so many things with the money I have earned. I have saved up and hope to get a new uniform next spring. I certainly think the Earn-Your-Own Club is a fine club and I hope every Girl Scout will want to join it and get as much fun out of it as I am."

And Grace Beckett says: "With the money that I earn from the subscriptions I am buying a set of Indian pictures, and I am putting some of the money in the bank."

If you would like to join, just fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page and mail it to Betty Brooks and she will write you all about it.



Ellen
 Louise
 Carroll



Grace
 Beckett

Betty Brooks, % The Earn-Your-Own Club,

THE AMERICAN GIRL,

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

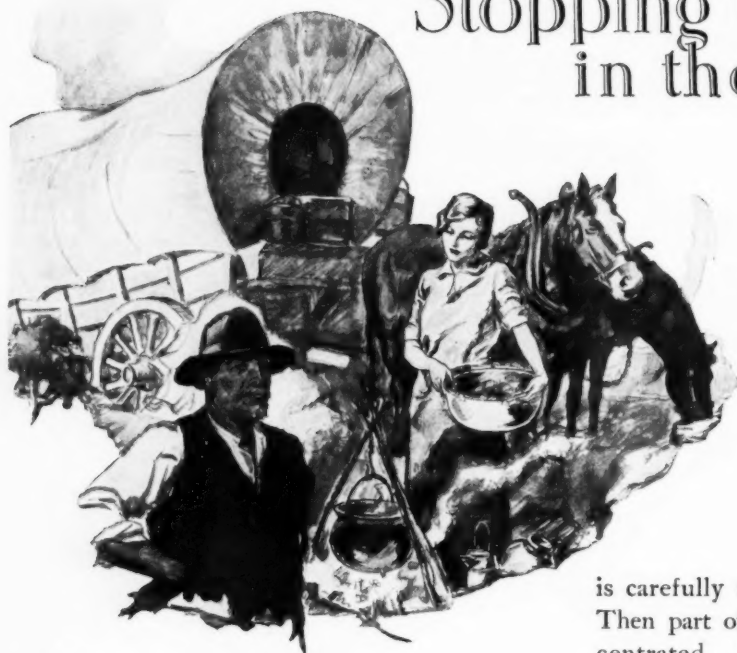
I have read about the Earn-Your-Own Club and I would like to know all about it.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Stopping off for lunch in the forties



IN the old covered-wagon days travel by trail was a hardship which cost many people their lives as they moved west to seek better homes. Now thousands of us take to the road in automobiles every year for the fun of the trip and for the health it builds. In the old days food in camp was a problem. Now we can have as wholesome food on the most remote trail as we can have at home.

And when appetites are keen, the variety and the quality of our food is all the more important. To build health on our camping trip we must have good food. That means that we must have milk. We must *know* that it is pure and clean. We *can* have it now no matter where the camp may be. Evaporated Milk in cans gives to every camp a purer, richer milk than anybody could have, even at home, in the covered-wagon days.

Evaporated Milk is pure milk. We call it "Evaporated" Milk because more than half the water of natural milk is taken from it. That makes it more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. No-

thing but water is taken away. All the food qualities of the milk remain in it. Taking out the water only makes it better, richer milk.

Always fresh and sweet and absolutely safe. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It

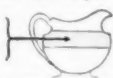
is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition it comes to you—fresh and sweet and absolutely safe.

As good at home as in the camp. Evaporated Milk is used in hundreds of thousands of homes. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve. It serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream need at home or in camp, will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

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Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

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